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'Washington Wives': Birth of a Potboiler

THE EDITORS: BLACK FAMILY BLUES • BRIT HUME: LOWELL WEICKER, BIG BUT NOT CUDDLY

THE NEW REPUBLIC

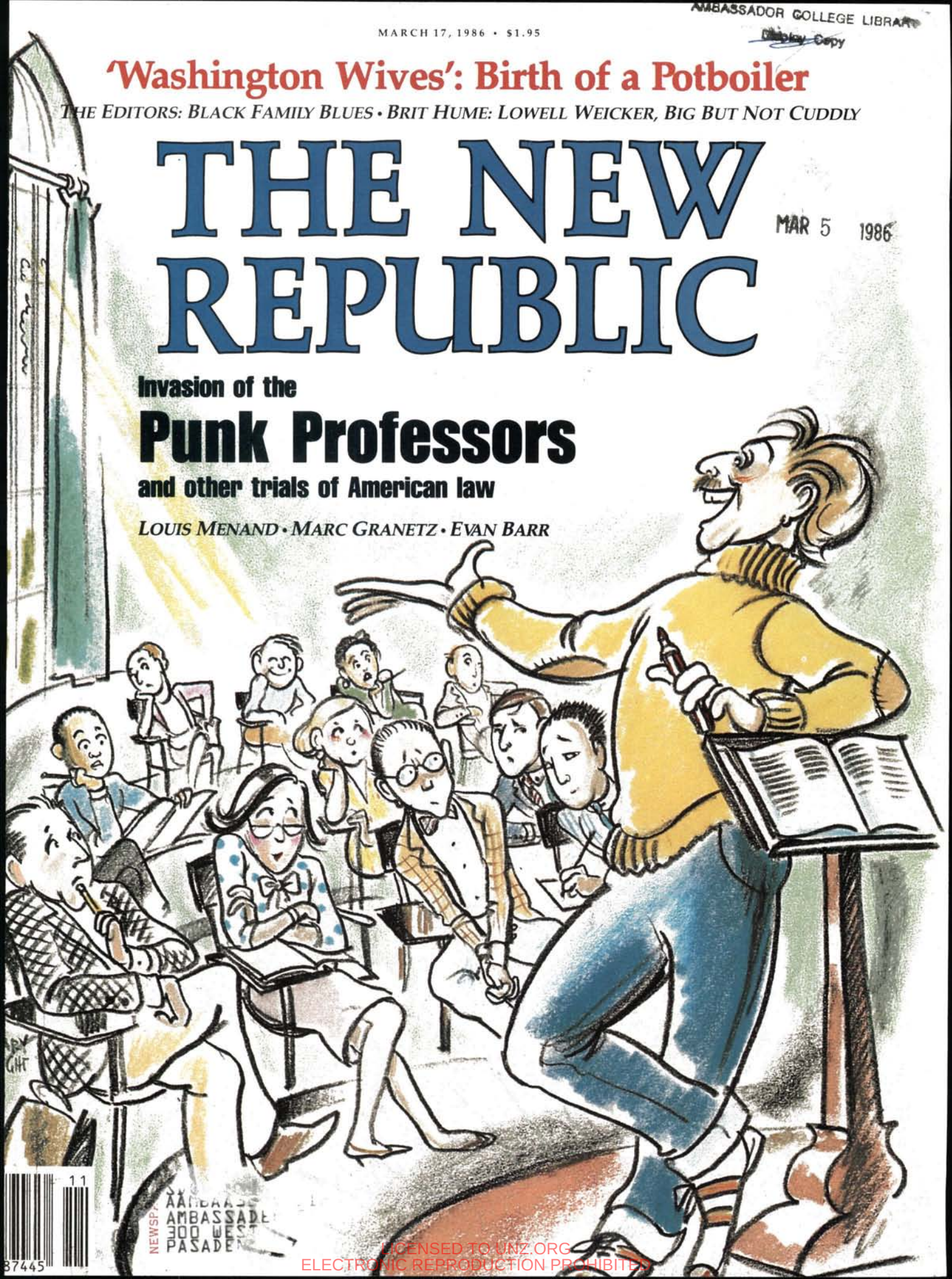
MAR 5 1986

Invasion of the

Punk Professors

and other trials of American law

LOUIS MENAND • MARC GRANETZ • EVAN BARR



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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

THE DEREGULATION ERA

The backlash against regulation began about 1978. This was 90 years after the founding of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the first regulatory agency, but less than a decade after the last wave of regulatory fervor that saw the creation of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Consumer Product Safety Commission, and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, among others. Suddenly people were bored with air bags, enraged by child-proof aspirin bottles, making jokes about the government as National Nanny.

The spirit of deregulation took hold. Congress—importuned by businesses such as the used car dealers and the funeral directors—gave itself the right to veto new regulations of the Federal Trade Commission. This congressional meddling made regulation enthusiasts unhappy. Ralph Nader's chief litigator, Alan Morrison, challenged the constitutionality of the "legislative veto." Unfortunately for his cause, he won. In a landmark 1983 opinion, the Supreme Court struck down the legislative veto under the doctrine of separation of powers.

Now, in a historical irony, that ruling—the *Chadha* case—is the basis for a major conservative attack on the entire century-old system of independent regulatory agencies. Theodore Olson, former assistant attorney general in the Reagan Justice Department, has asked the courts to rule (on behalf of a group of title companies charged with price fixing) that the very existence of the FTC violates the separation of powers. Judge Antonin Scalia, said to be President Reagan's next Supreme Court nominee, wrote last month that it's "not obvious there exists support for independent regulatory agencies" in the Constitution. Reagan himself continues to denounce burdensome government interference every chance he gets.

Meanwhile, though, there's been the start of a backlash against the backlash. The new world of telephones has made many people nostalgic. Last year's spate of airplane crashes has caused second thoughts about deregulation's biggest popular success: cheap air fares. Others are unnerved by the wave of huge mergers that has followed the virtual abandonment of antitrust enforcement. Polls show that most Americans, characteristically, are against regulation in the abstract but support most specific examples of government protection. Has deregulation gone too far? Should we turn back?

Deregulation of markets and prices in areas such as airlines, banking, trucking, and—yes—telecommunications has been a virtually unalloyed success. Even when it was founded, the ICC was controlled by the railroad industry it was supposed to supervise. This kind of deregulation has busted up a series of government-supervised cartels. It's already hard to remember that just a few years ago an airline essentially needed its competitors' permission to lower its prices or fly a new route. Lower prices and new services have been a boon to consumers, and there's more deregulation of this sort to be done. The ludicrous farm "marketing order" system, for example, still allows growers to conspire on high prices for fresh fruit.

No one can prove that corner-cutting in a newly competitive environment hasn't affected, say, airline safety. But showering monopoly profits on an industry is a pretty foolish way to get it to protect its customers. That's the role of a different kind of regulation, which deregulation fanatics sometimes confuse with the first. In theory, an informed citizen could decide for herself how far apart she wants the slats in her baby's crib, whether to pay $2.53 extra to fly on a plane with some safety feature, or whether it's worth the risk of working in a factory with so many parts per million of this or that carcinogen in the air. In practice, markets can't possibly offer the full range of choices, and the cost to individuals of gathering the necessary information would be overwhelming. That's why health and safety regulations are actually the most efficient way of making these decisions for everyone.

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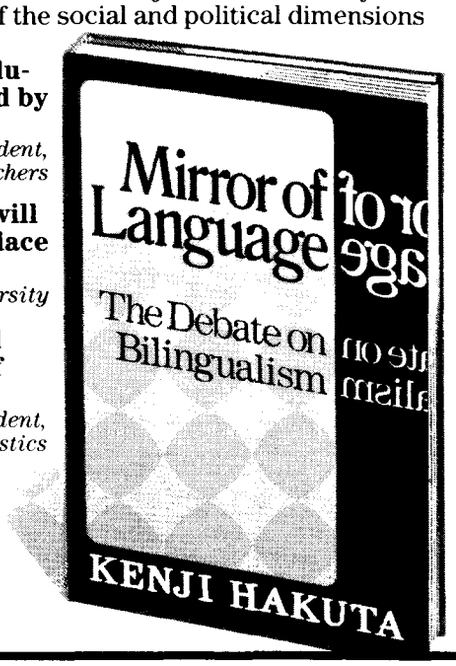

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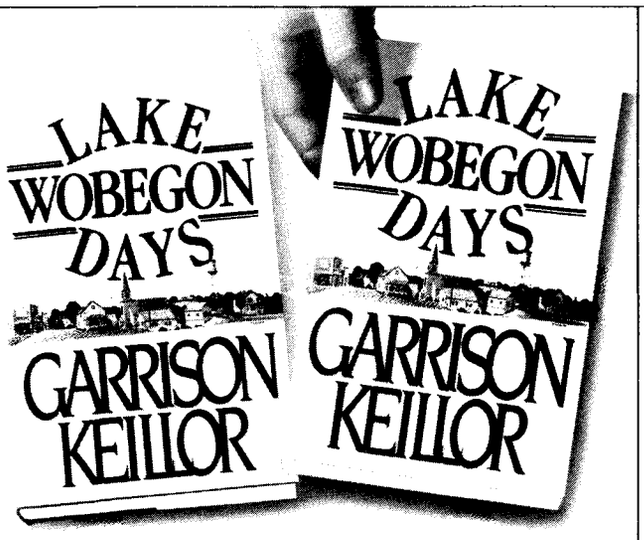

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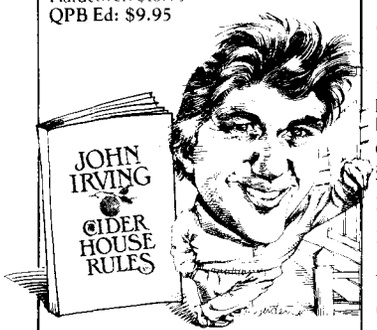

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SHUTTLE DIPLOMACY

To the editors:

To suggest that what millions of Americans felt about the shuttle explosion were "hollow emotions" or that they watched television for the "titillation of watching a toy explode in the sky" is callous and cruel ("When Challenger Fell From The Sky," February 17). It demonstrates an emotional and intellectual hollowness on the part of the editors that is nearly as tragic as the event itself.

The children who came home from school in tears; the stricken adults who tried to comfort them; the hundreds of priests, ministers, and rabbis who conducted memorial services; the thousands who attended those services; the millions who watched television in concern: they were not in a state of titillation. They were feeling genuine pain and sorrow, and would resent greatly your implication that their grief was somehow false.

Barely 200 Americans have flown into space. Space flight is nothing if not a conspicuous act, and all astronauts take a great risk. In this instance, seven astronauts took a great risk and they did, indeed, sacrifice their lives. Even allowing for muddled reasoning, your assertion that the Challenger astronauts are not heroes is still a shameful one.

STEVEN J. MAGNOTTA
Lakewood, Colorado

To the editors:

The reason the networks went on so about the shuttle explosion was that to go on with their regular shows would have been to constantly remind us how shallow their programming is. People coming to the set to find out what was happening would have been met by the monotonous drone of game shows and soap operas, and would have had to stand and wait impatiently through long minutes of anonymous silliness. Over the long day the tension in the minds of individual human beings between the insidious shallow twaddle of the tube and the awe, compassion, and respect for mortality that they wanted to feel would have resulted in a situation that the networks cannot live with—tens of millions of people would have had before them, and would have remembered as an integral part of an important day, the conscious realization that, my God, television really is stupid.

PAT LANGDON
Omaha, Nebraska

To the editors:

I agree wholeheartedly with most of your editorial concerning the inappropriate nature of the media's coverage of the space shuttle disaster. But on one point you were way off. TNR said that President Reagan was "adequate to the occasion" when he spoke to the nation about the tragedy. He was far more than that. Ronald Reagan said exactly the right things on that day, and he said them movingly. His televised address sent chills up the spine; it was at once soaring and gently reassuring, uplifting yet genuinely sad.

ROBERT GRADY
Princeton, New Jersey

THE SOVIET SIDE OF SDI

To the editors:

"Offensive Star Wars" by Robert English (February 24) was fascinating. Imagine all the nasty ways in which this system could be used. I guess that's why the Soviets are working so hard on their own version of the Strategic Defense Initiative. But then, Mr. English forgot to mention that, didn't he?

JULIA ROBB
Marshall, Texas

OIL REALIGNMENT

To the editors:

Left out of Daniel Yergin's report on the sudden, sharp drop in world oil prices ("A Good Sweating," February 17) is any analysis of what effect this decline is likely to have on the U.S. oil industry. While a decline in oil prices may mean financial ruin for many small oil producers, it may also mean the resurgence of the world's largest companies—Exxon, Chevron, Mobil, Texaco (if it survives the battle with Pennzoil), Shell, and British Petroleum.

Over the last five years, the managements of most major oil companies have recognized, albeit belatedly, that their assumption of continuously rising oil prices and continuously rising demand

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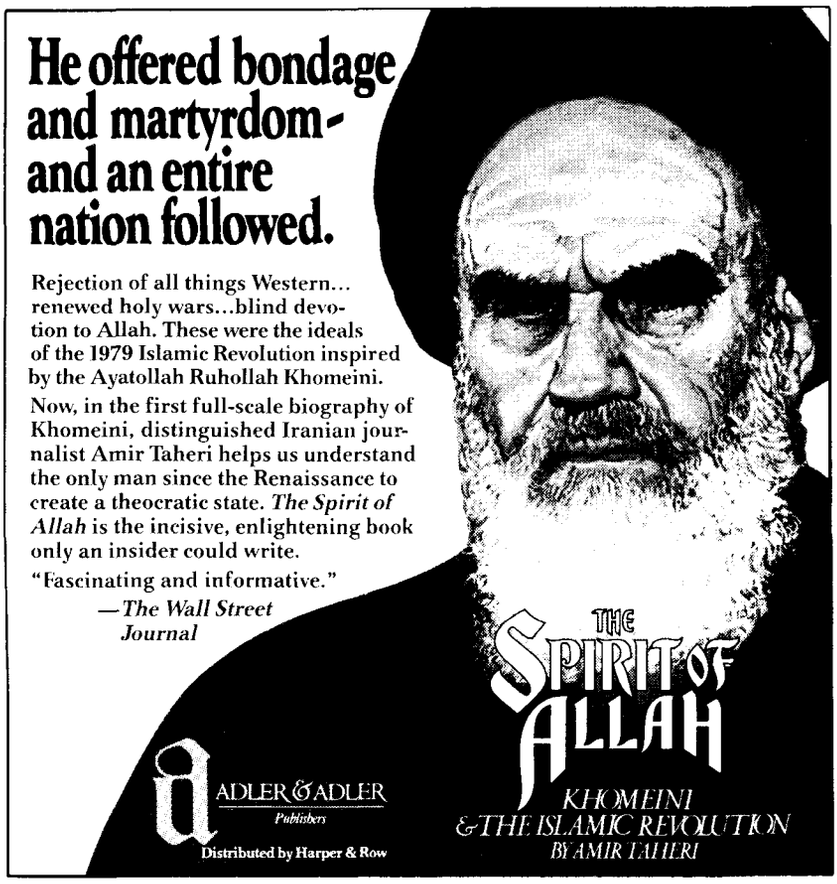
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 17, 1986

MENDING BROKEN FAMILIES

The Moynihan Report turns 21 this year. It has come of majority in a literal way too: its message of alarm about a crisis in the black family, long a taboo subject, is finally echoed on all sides. (See TNR's "March to Nowhere," September 9&16, 1983, and "Children as Parents," September 10, 1984.) The ominous facts and figures about female-headed households, illegitimacy, and especially teenage parenthood are suddenly the stuff of mass media. A man in the Newark ghetto with the unfortunate name of Timothy McSeed appeared on Bill Moyers's CBS documentary in January, "The Vanishing Family: Crisis in Black America." Father to six children by four different women, and supporter of none, he talked about his "strong sperm" and seemed to feel paternity stopped there. In a six-part series on teenage parenthood in the *Washington Post*, reporter Leon Dash told the family saga of 42-year-old Lillian Williams—a story of multigenerational teenage parenthood and poverty. President Reagan even raised an alarm about the subject in his State of the Union message, which otherwise was Panglossian as usual.

There has been no prettifying of the facts, or the judgments, in bringing the plight of many poor black families to TV. On the contrary, the talk has become more forthright over the past several years—no small feat on a subject with such an explosive past. Growing concern about white teenage pregnancy and single-parent families has helped set the scene for blacks to clarify the complexities of the large black dimension of the problem. Black leaders seized the offensive two years ago, convening a Black Family Summit at Fisk University in Nashville. There they confronted the numbers, which have grown all the more alarming over a generation of denial and neglect: close to half of all black families are headed by women without husbands (when Moynihan's report came out, the figure was a quarter); more than half of all black babies are born out of wedlock; one in four black babies is born to a teenage mother, who is rarely married.

But at that meeting two years ago, Moynihan's name still evoked boos. Today his report is on everyone's lips. Two years ago blacks, as well as white family planners, were only starting to emphasize the "culture of poverty" in discussing the causes of teenage pregnancy. It was easier to debate the role of sex education and birth control than to confront a hopeless environment and values that condoned, or at least didn't discourage, adolescent childbearing. Now black groups and television cameras focus on the ghetto as the most desperate part of a complicated problem. Generational patterns and attitudes no longer take second place to birth control habits.

Moreover, it is now openly acknowledged that there is a split in the black community—between a middle class that has escaped the ghetto and the poor who are left behind, most of them in broken families. Almost 70 percent of the black poor live in female-headed households. Leon Dash departed from his role as objective reporter in one story in his series to emphasize the trouble that he, a well-paid and educated black, had in penetrating the alien world of one of Washington's poorest neighborhoods.

These admissions dramatize the special dilemma facing black leaders and organizations. The kind of culturally sensitive efforts required to combat the tangle of troubles among ghetto teenagers can best come from luckier blacks. But for many of them, too, the ghetto is by now a foreign country. No one thinks that self-help—hardly a new approach among blacks, but clearly a more complicated one now—is the only answer. But there is broad agreement across the black political spectrum that it is the place to start—especially given the Reagan administration's small-minded approach to the problems of poverty. Roger Wilkins, who has been consistently intolerant of critics of failed civil rights strategies, recently urged the kind of community approach black conservatives have been backing: "The hardest job is cultural: to arrest the moral deterioration occurring in the poorest segments of black culture and to reverse it," he wrote in the *Village Voice*. "Although white institutions can and should create an economic climate in which such changes can occur, they will not and they cannot make the cultural changes which can keep black youths from going to prison or having babies or otherwise destroying their futures at such an alarming rate. Only black people can do this. . . ."

What is needed is nothing less than a "massive cultural

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turnaround," as Wilkins describes it. State-by-state surveys of current services and activities reveal widespread disarray. However, there are assorted specific programs and people that seem to have made a difference in this housing project or that after-school center. Not surprisingly, results are almost always mixed—when they can be measured at all. The Manpower Development Research Corporation's imaginative Project Redirection—which was set up in the early 1980s to test a community-based, comprehensive effort to promote self-sufficiency among poor teenager mothers—incorporated most of the promising strategies: "community women" role models for girls, emphasis on goals and values, family involvement, along with employment, health, and educational services. Yet by the starkest measure—did the girls get pregnant again (as nearly a third of all teenage mothers do by the time they're 20)?—it was disappointing. Two years out of the program, half of its participants—like half of those in the control group—had another baby. Teenage fathers are even more elusive. Mothers attract help as they struggle to cope with their babies. Men's problems—lack of skills, jobs, and expectations—are inevitably less accessible.

CHURCHES, women's groups, and fraternal organizations—traditional sources of social leadership among blacks—have been feeling their way now for a few years. State and local resources, or at least attention, are starting to follow, as they must. More efforts should be directed toward schools—where, after all, teenagers are supposed to be, at least until they turn 16. High dropout rates are only the most obvious sign of a destructive dynamic at work in many inner-city schools, where academic trouble, teenage pregnancy, violence, and other social problems discouragingly reinforce each other. There have been some encouraging responses. As Amy E. Schwartz reported in the *Washington Post*, the Cardozo Infant Care Center, D.C.'s only licensed day-care program in a public high school, has helped girls avoid dropping out—and avoid a second child. Some well-staffed comprehensive health-care clinics associated with high schools have reported notable drops in teenage births. Two Baltimore programs and the St. Paul Maternal and Infant Care Project in Minnesota are the common examples.

The key is good staffs, with a commitment to the neighborhood and the conviction that they have to do more than talk about birth control. The problem of teenage pregnancy poses a double bind: helping teens who are already pregnant or already parents can undermine the even more important task of keeping other kids from having babies in the first place. Adoption, which is no longer simply the conservative nostrum it once was, is worth pursuing vigorously—especially among whites, where the demand for babies is high. To be sure, it will be hard to convince girls to give up babies they have carried to term. But making the case for adoption (an effort in which girls' mothers, who often oppose abortion but voice dismay at their daughters' pregnancies, could be usefully enlisted) requires just the sort of grimly realistic and forceful admonitions that children—with and without babies—desperately need to hear.

Welfare reform should be part of the solution, since some aspects of well-intentioned welfare programs probably have contributed to the problem. Yet that issue is probably best left to states and foundations to experiment with, as they have been doing; Massachusetts's Employment and Training Choices Program—which offers day care, transportation, and assistance in job searches—claims to have put 23,000 welfare recipients to work in unsubsidized jobs since 1983. But Moynihan's new book, *Family and Nation*, counsels caution: it's nearly impossible to prove which social policies have caused which family troubles, or might cure them. Above all, whatever restructuring may occur down the road—and the record on welfare reform isn't heartening—it can't possibly supplant the need for community action that blacks have begun to lead.

"We are not doing as much as we should," Roger Wilkins acknowledged. "As the issues confronting black people have grown more complex and diffuse, the organizations developed to deal with simpler evils have not evolved rapidly enough to engage many of the old warriors—and even fewer of the young people whose potential for struggle remains to be tapped." Perhaps the recent media blitz will help bring new warriors from the middle classes. At the same time, some of those already in the trenches are hoping the media can help catch the attention of the poor caught behind ghetto walls. The Children's Defense Fund, a veteran in the struggle, has just launched a campaign of television public service announcements, posters, and transit ads, co-chaired by Arthur Ashe. The National Urban League's Male Responsibility Campaign has been making use of records and posters ("Don't Make a Baby If You Can't Be a Father").

All the talk, so loud at last, is an important part of restoring a social stigma—which in turn is part of restoring hopeful futures to many children. But it can't be allowed to substitute for action, already long delayed. We're paying attention to the collapse of expectations about what families can and should be because the rise of female-headed households so clearly spells poverty. But the price is in fact far higher: a society that relinquishes the principle of responsible maternity and paternity cheats both sexes, and robs children and a country of their inheritance.

CORY DAYS

The fall of Ferdinand Marcos (and of the wicked queen Imelda) should fill democrats with a joy rarely occasioned by political turbulence in the Third World. In less than a week, we have watched the withering away of the state, not as the illusion Marx conceived, but as democrats conceive it, according to which it is replaced by something more just. President Aquino: it may not have the ring of familiarity, but it has the ring of legitimacy. We wish

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BRAVO! BRAVO! BRAVO!

340216. Adams, John: Harmonielehre—Edo de Waart, San Francisco Sym. (*Digital*--Nonesuch)

331488-391482. Bach: Brandenburg Concertos, 1 to 6 (complete)—Kapp, cond. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

330647. Bach: Unaccompanied Cello Suites 1, 2—performed by Yo-Yo Ma (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

336578-396572. Bach: Flute Sonatas—Rampal, flute, Pinnock, harpsichord, etc. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

338178. A Bach Celebration. Christopher Parkening plays music from Bach cantatas (*Digital*—Angel)

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

338004-398008. Beethoven Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Tempest, 3 more. A. Brendel (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)

335075. Beethoven: Overtures—Coriolan, etc. Tennstedt, London Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

327221. Beethoven: Violin Concerto—Menuhin; Masur, Leipzig Gewandhaus (*Digital*—Angel)

335547. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique—Barenboim, Berlin Phil. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331595. Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlesienne Suites 1, 2—Ozawa, Orch. National (*Digital*—Angel)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

332668. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Tennstedt cond. London Philharmonic Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

341107. Brahms: Double Concerto—Menuhin, violin; Tortelier, cello, Berglund, cond. (*Digital*—London)

340588. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2—Vladimir Ashkenazy; Haitink, Vienna Phil. (*Digital*—London)

341198. Brahms: String Quartets Nos. 1 and 3—The Tokyo String Quartet (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

329144. Chopin: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Polonaises—Ivan Moravec, piano (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

330100. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 2—Cecile Licad, piano; Andre Previn cond. London Phil. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331314. Gershwin: An American In Paris—plus Grainger's *Fantasy on Porgy & Bess*—Labeque sisters (*Digital*—Angel)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos—Munchinger cond. (*Digital*—London)

341123-391128. Haydn: Concerti For Flute & Oboe—Rampal, Pierlot; Liszt Chamber Or. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

341214. Haydn: Symphony No. 100 (Military), **No. 104** (London)—Hogwood, cond. (*Digital*—L'Oiseau-Lyre)

330142. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3—Cho-Liang Lin, Thomas con. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

339366. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; more. Hogwood, Acad. Ancient Music (*Digital*-L'Oiseau-Lyre)

328740. Mozart: Piano Concerto 26 (Coronation); **Rondos**—Murray Perahia, English Chamber Orchestra (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

340596. Mozart: Sonata, K. 448; Schubert: Fantasia—Radu Lupu, Murray Perahia (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

341297. Prokofiev: Symphony No. 1 (Classical); **Love For Three Oranges Suite**—Lorin Maazel, cond. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

340190. Reich: The Desert Music—M. Tilson Thomas, members Brooklyn Philharmonic (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—beautifully performed by pianist Murray Perahia (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

334680. Tchaikovsky: Ballet Suites—Swan Lake, Sleeping Beauty—Muti, Phila. Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

318444. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade For Strings—Muti, Phila. Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

324897. Vivaldi: Four Seasons. Maazel, members Orch. National de France (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

331942. The Academy—By Request. N. Marriner cond. works by Schubert, Bach, etc. (*Digital*—Angel)

328013. Nancy Allen—virtuoso harpist in music by Ravel and Debussy. With Rampal, Tokyo String Quartet (*Digital*—Angel)

334276. *Canadian Brass* & Berlin Phil. Brass—Brass in Berlin. Bach, Pachelbel, Gabrieli, etc. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

337279. Placido Domingo—Save Your Nights For Me. *Love Came For Me; Maria;* etc. (CBS)

339408. Hubert Laws/Chick Corea/Quincy Jones. Blanchard: New Earth Sonata; etc. (CBS Masterworks)

321851. Wynton Marsalis Plays Trumpet Concertos. Haydn, Hummel, L. Mozart (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329607. Wynton Marsalis—Edita Gruberova, soprano. Purcell, Handel, Torelli, etc. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331959-391953. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Great Choruses of Bach and Handel. (Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)

327551. Luciano Pavarotti—Mamma. Popular Italian songs (*Digital*—London)

339242. Puccini Heroines. Eva Marton, Renata Scotto, Katia Ricciarelli, others (CBS Masterworks)

333112. Andreas Vollenweider—White Winds. The inventive harpist's latest (*Digital*—CBS)

340562. Waverly Consort—Renaissance Favorites. Morley, Gibbons, Byrd, etc. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

334763. John Williams—Bach, Handel, Marcello Concertos *arr. for guitar* (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; etc. Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)

335679. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Andre Previn, cond. London Symphony (*Digital*—Angel)

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

333575. Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp And Circumstance Marches—A. Davis, Philharmonia Or. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4; more—Boskovsky, Philharmonia Hungarica (Angel)

329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

334508. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Muti cond. Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

318824. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Schumann: Symphony No. 4**—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

321224. Mozart: Overtures—Don Giovanni; Cosi fan tutte; etc.—Marriner, Acad. St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)

332114. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Borodin: Polovtsian Dances—Ashkenazy, Philharmonia Orch. (*Digital*—London)

339663. Pachelbel: Kanon—also Bach, Albinoni, etc. Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber (*Digital*—London)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

339358. Schubert: Trout Quintet—Andras Schiff, piano; Alois Posch; Hagen Quartet (*Digital*—London)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic (*Digital*—London)

338244. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring—Dutoit cond. Orchestre symphonique de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

336461. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Serenade—Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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Corazon Aquino all the wisdom she will need in her swift transit from the keeper of her husband's flame to the keeper of her country's mandate.

Aquino rose to power in the most philosophically and politically exhilarating way. First, there was an election. Her race against Marcos demonstrated that the Philippines is a country addicted to democracy; and nothing Marcos could do, in decades of corruption or in days of fraud, weakened the political energy or the political judgment of the people. The Filipino man who died defending a ballot box (he was shot by government troops trying to get their hands on it) deserves a place in the pantheon of democratic heroes.

SECOND, after it was clear that Marcos was stealing the election, there was a military rebellion. But this particular rebellion defied the sad common pattern of army action in such situations of instability. The forces led by Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile and Lieutenant General Fidel V. Ramos acted not to politicize the army, but to depoliticize it; not to put the military into power, but to remove it from power. Here we had the spectacle of the tyrant's army turning on the tyrant. "An act of contrition" was Enrile's description of his deed. It was he, after all, and the troops he commanded, who were the agents of the Marcos repression. (No such second thoughts need be attached, however, to Ramos.) Indeed, Enrile's record is cause for a bit of skepticism, even in this happy hour. His change of allegiance was as shrewd as it was wonderful. (He will now sit as defense minister in the Aquino Cabinet.) Still, without Enrile's defection, and the speed with which it was followed by the soldiers under his command, Marcos might have made off successfully with the mandate of the election.

Third, there was civil disobedience. The Enrile camp was protected from the government's troops by an ocean of civilians, by housewives with yellow flowers and nuns with rosaries who sat down before every tank that seemed about to move. As the full measure of the election fraud became clear, Aquino had insisted on nonviolent resistance. She insisted, that is, on a response that went somewhat against the grain of the political culture of her country. The widespread fear of violence was well grounded. But in the end there was almost no violence.

A national uprising of soldiers and citizens, with the aim of honoring an election and overthrowing a dictator, without violence and with the support of the United States—now that's a revolution. And the sight of Marcos in his final broadcasts should furnish for a generation the perfect image of the dementia of power. There he grotesquely sat, in lurid colors made more lurid by the faulty transmission from his family's television studio, madly detached from reality, threatening all kinds of people with all kinds of punishments in a voice that merely betrayed the hollowness of his position, still making demands of the people he had degraded and almost destroyed, a cold, cruel, dirty, dead man whose contempt for his own country had been demonstrated for decades by his apparent belief that history would never find him there. But it did. We may enroll him now, with Haile Selassie and the shah of Iran and Anastasio Somoza, among the great misreaders of history. But no pity, please. Many people paid dearly for this man's misreadings.

WE CONGRATULATE the American government too. With the exception of another of President Reagan's ignorant animadversions, the administration has behaved wisely, and supported a people against a tyrant. Clearly the administration has been disabused of some of its early fatalism about the severe limits on the democratic possibility in the less developed countries. Indeed, the Philippines turned out to be one of those authoritarian societies—like Spain and Greece and even Argentina—in which the democratic instinct was mightily preserved. For what emerged in the Philippines, what the administration helped to emerge, was the devoutly to be wished third way. Instead of a war at twilight between Marcos and the Communists, there transpired a war at dawn between Marcos and the democrats, civilian and military. The Communists, in the Soviet Union and in the northern provinces of the Philippines, may have been laughing in the immediate aftermath of the election, but they are laughing no longer. Now they are confronted by a legitimate popular government, swept to power in a morally scrupulous revolution and backed by a strong army (and by the United States). Suddenly the situation lacks historical inevitability. And our support for Philippine democracy, moreover, may have a certain self-rewarding quality for American interests. President Aquino knows us as a friend and an ally. The suspense about Subic Bay Naval Base and Clark Air Base should be over.

We hope that the world that has been watching Washington has been watching Moscow too. Somewhat lost in the excitement has been the enthusiastic, eleventh-hour support of the Soviet Foreign Ministry, *Pravda*, and Tass for Ferdinand Marcos. There is a sense, of course, in which the support is completely deserved. Marcos's repression of the Philippines was indeed doing Moscow's work; Gorbachev should be sorry to see him go. According to a Western diplomat cited in the *New York Times*, "The Russians seem to be playing a complex game, encouraging Marcos . . . while also trying to aid the guerrillas." But there's nothing complex about that, alas. It is, rather, a textbook instance of classical Communist cynicism. The Soviet position on the Philippines is pure Lenin.

It has been a week of paradigmatic politics—in Manila, in Washington, in Moscow. The world suddenly seems a little clearer and a little better. Of course there will be problems. Aquino sorely lacks experience. The Marcos machine will not disappear with Marcos. The economy is torn between poverty and corruption. There are 12,000 Communist insurgents in the north. There is more work, in short, for the United States in the Philippines. Hail to the president, but help to the president too.

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NOTEBOOK

□ SOBER UP: Concerned about drunk driving, 29 states have raised the drinking age from 18 to 20 or 21 in recent years. It has seemed to us that this is an unreasonable imposition on the vast majority of young adults who don't drive drunk, and a good example of the tyranny of the majority. Do the sober-minded middle-aged folks who pass these laws really expect people in college, in the military, or already in the workplace not to drink at all? If so, they expect too much. If not, they're hypocrites. (Yes, of course, all laws get broken. But you can't defend an oppressive law on the grounds that you don't really expect people to obey it.) Now it seems that these laws may not even serve their intended purpose. Researchers at Case Western Reserve studied 13 states that have raised the drinking age. In two, alcohol-related traffic deaths declined. In two, they remained about the same. And in nine they actually increased. The two states where deaths declined also had enacted tougher punishments for people (of any age) who are caught driving drunk. This, the study concludes sensibly enough, is the best way to reduce drunk driving.

□ LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE DEPT. (HALF-FULL GLASS DIV.):

50% of Prisons Free of AIDS

—*New York Times*, February 18

□ CONGRATULATIONS TO LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS Daniel Boorstin, who is the surprise first-round winner in the Gramm-Rudman pig-squealing contest. This is a competition to see which potential victim of budget cuts can generate the biggest fuss about the dire consequences. Boorstin's tools have been his own eloquence, his close contacts in Congress and the media, the innate high-minded appeal of his institution, and skilled use of the Firemen First or Washington Monument principle—the hoary Washington device of asserting that any budget reduction will immediately affect your agency's most important or sympathetic function (were the Park Service to assert, for example, that it will have to close the Washington Monument). Boorstin already has announced shorter library hours, and has said that services for the blind will be the next to go. Columnists and editorial writers have obligingly rushed to take up the cause of Culture. Boorstin is absolutely right, of course, that the Library of Congress is a glory of American civilization, and one that—as a rich nation—we can easily afford. Furthermore, the social function it performs is one that belongs by its nature to the government. The library's anguish illustrates the foolishness of across-the-board cuts as anything but a way for Congress and the president to blackmail themselves into doing something more sensible. But watch for less skilled practitioners attempting to use Boorstin's techniques for less worthy causes in future rounds.

BAD CHARACTER JUDGMENT

Our "bad character judgment" contest (Notebook, January 27) produced a spectacular response, at least in terms of quantity. Sixty-two people wrote in attempting to top Armand Hammer's description of Stalin as "unassuming," which was nominated by TRB as the world record for bad judgment of character. We especially enjoyed the entry from a man (we won't name him, in case he's had second thoughts) who nominated "two reasonably recent statements by my father-in-law."

The rules allowed for fictional entries, but these turned out to be too easy to be interesting (Attila the Hun is "gentle," Einstein is "stupid," and so on). Several readers also missed the point, nominating faulty predictions (John Foster Dulles saying that Japan will never be an economic power) or simple idiotic remarks (George Bush on Marcos in 1981: "We love your adherence to democratic principles").

Several wily contestants tried to sneak in examples of megalomania or epic lying under the rubric of "self-assessment." Five people nominated Nixon's "I am not a crook." Professor Larry Berman of the University of California, Davis, nominated Idi Amin's observation, "I would consider myself to be the most important figure in the world." Ms. Jutta Birmele of Arcadia, California, nominated Hitler, who apparently once said (no joke), "When I think about it, I realize that I am extraordinarily humane."

Madcap descriptions of Hitler and Stalin dominated the entries, with 12 and eight nominations respectively. (By contrast, no one offered an example of some actual saintly figure being unfairly savaged.) "Surely Joseph E. Davies will garner a number of votes," writes Dick Hargesheimer, director of research for the Nebraska State Legislative Council. And this classic passage from *Mission to Moscow*, the high-camp memoirs of our first ambassador to the Soviet Union, garnered three nominations: "His [Stalin's] brown eye is exceedingly kindly and gentle. A child would like to sit in his lap and a dog would sidle up to him." The most popular Hitler description was, inevitably, Neville Chamberlain's: "I got the impression that here was a man who could be relied upon when he had given his word."

The judges appreciate all the entries, and struggled over their decision. The winner is Gideon Rose, assistant editor of the *Public Interest*, who claims that several years ago Representative Stephen Solarz visited Horace Mann High School in New York, where young Rose was a student, and described Comrade Kim Il Sung, the poker-faced North Korean dictator, as "avuncular." We hope it's true.

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□ HOW RUMORS GET STARTED:

> According to two former administration officials, the decision to fire Iacocca was made by White House chief of staff Donald T. Regan several months ago, and goes back to what one called "extremely bad blood" between Regan and Iacocca over Chrysler bailout legislation.
>
> —*Washington Post*, February 13, page one

> Pity poor White House chief of staff Donald T. Regan, whose fine hand is seen by his critics in almost any act committed in official Washington. This week's rumor is that Regan had a hand in Lee A. Iacocca's ouster from the advisory board on the restoration of the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. . . . One version of the Regan-Iacocca story had quoted an unidentified source as saying that Regan "hates his guts" and that there was "extremely bad blood" between the two men over Chrysler bailout legislation.
>
> —*Washington Post*, February 19, page 19

□ FREE IDEA FOR THE DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE: On February 19 the Senate voted 85 to nine to condemn the corrupt election in the Philippines, and voted 83 to 11 to approve the United Nations Convention Against Genocide. Seven senators, all Republican, were in both minorities, including two who are up for reelection: Jeremiah Denton of Alabama and Steven Symms of Idaho. *Against* honest elections and *for* genocide? On the same day? It's a cheap shot, but it would make a great 30-second campaign spot.

□ WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE A PEPPER TOO? We ordinarily take a pretty calm view of the merger boom, but last month's purchase of Dr. Pepper by Coca-Cola raises our eyebrows for a couple of reasons. First, since Pepsi just purchased Seven-Up, this gives the two soft drink giants a staggering 80 percent of the market. And this is a market where foreign competition and new domestic entry are not much of a threat. If any recent merger raises legitimate antitrust questions, it's this one. Second, the seller of Dr. Pepper is a group of investors who "took the company private" (i.e., bought all the shares and took it off the stock market) in a "leveraged buy-out" (i.e., they borrowed most of the money) just two years ago. Coke will pay them $300 million for equity that cost them $30 million. Nothing wrong with that—the beaming sellers say it reflects a brilliant corporate restructuring—except that among these investors are the company's management, which recommended to the stockholders in 1984 that they accept the leveraged buy-out. The question arises: Why didn't management, which owes a fiduciary duty to the stockholders, recommend this allegedly brilliant restructuring instead? Why did they wait until they owned the company before moving to increase its value so impressively? Or did the investors actually underpay, and was the management's share essentially a bribe for foisting the deal on the stockholders? Any way you look at it, it's a funny business.

□ SLEAZEBALL WATCH: It's official. The big boys have taken up TNR's long-standing gripe that Washington influence-peddling has gotten grotesquely out of hand. A recent column by William Safire was titled "The Age of Access," and both *Time* and *Newsweek* have major articles on the subject in their March 3 issues. On the other hand, the most eloquent comment on current standards in Washington is that Michael Deaver was happy to pose for *Time*'s cover making a phone call from the back of his limousine. Similar "executive porn" photos of other superlobbyists, and quotes in both newsmagazines, make clear that the subjects regard the attention as free advertising, rather than anything to be ashamed of. First prize for gall to former Carter official Anne Wexler, who told *Time*: "There's a need here. Government officials are not comfortable making these complicated decisions by themselves."

□ CORRECTION: Due to an editing error, Robert English's article "Offensive Star Wars" (February 24) attributed research to the Argonne National Laboratory that actually was done privately by Caroline Herzenberg, a physicist at the laboratory.

□ FYI: TNR contributing editor Anne Tyler has won the 1985 National Book Critics Circle award for fiction, for her novel *The Accidental Tourist* (Knopf). Sven Birkerts, who reviews regularly for TNR, was awarded the 1985 NBCC Citation for Excellence in Reviewing. Since we have a policy of not reviewing books by our contributing editors, we like to mention them in this space when they appear. The Atlantic Monthly Press has published Robert Coles's *The Political Life of Children* and *The Moral Life of Children*. Louisiana State University Press has published C. Vann Woodward's *Thinking Back: The Perils of Writing History*, a portion of which appeared in these pages a few weeks back.

□ FLAKY:

Icy roads await Denver rush hour

—*Denver Post*, February 10

Rush-hour streets expected to be OK

—*Rocky Mountain News* (Denver), same morning

BUSINESS WATCH

MAKING BOOK

YOU GET an idea for a book, you write it, you sell it to a publisher, and then, if you're very lucky, someone buys it for the movies. Right? In today's publishing industry, exactly wrong.

Washington Wives began life as an idea in the mind of Lawrence Gordon, head of his own production company and until recently president of 20th Century-Fox. In mid-1984 Gordon and his minions decided that Washington

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was really hot, now that a former president of the Screen Actors Guild was in the White House. The idea was to produce a Washington-oriented knockoff of "Hollywood Wives," a steamy TV miniseries based on the best-selling novel by Jackie Collins.

This sounds a little like trying to cross "Knots Landing" with "Meet the Press." "They never quite get Washington right," says *Washington Post* critic Tom Shales, who has made a hobby out of following Hollywood's attempts to bring the capital to the screen. "The problem is you have two incompatible varieties of phoniness, Glitz East and Glitz West, and one can't understand the other."

The cover of Collins's *Hollywood Wives*, for example, refers to women "married to success, divorced from care, flirting with scandal. They bewitch their men with sensuous cunning, naked and greedy under silk sheets . . . ," and so on. But anyone who has lived in Washington for very long knows that between Ted Koppel's sign-off on "Nightline" and Bryant Gumbel's "Good Morning, this is 'Today' on NBC," there's not much time for greed under silk sheets.

The plot of *Washington Wives*, says one executive who worked on the property, is based in part on real life and the rest on intuition. "You have the White House chief of staff dying under embarrassing circumstances—like the way Nelson Rockefeller died, you know, the you-can't-get-the-casket-closed school of dying." The subsequent power vacuum is filled by a group of Washington wives, including the Rockefelleresque character's long-suffering mate, his young mistress, a publisher, and the scheming wife of a Senator With Ambition. You know, "a Rita Jenrette type, a Katharine Graham type, and an Alexis Carrington type." The executive could come up with no familiar counterpart for the long-suffering spouse.

Gordon's people produced a five-page treatment for a miniseries. But, following the successful pattern of *Hollywood Wives*, they decided it should start out as a book. So Sara Colleton, vice president of 20th Century-Fox and Lawrence Gordon Productions, set out last spring to find a New York publisher to turn "Washington Wives" into a book. She approached George Coleman, subsidiary rights director of Arbor House. Coleman was reluctant. "Washington books have a terrible track record." But, he added, "She showed me the treatment and I thought, well, maybe this one will work."

IT WASN'T until Arbor House agreed to the project and got Roger Cooper, editorial director of Berkley (a subsidiary of Putnam), interested in the paperback rights that anyone even began to think about who might write the book. Coleman explains, "We already had a lot of people at the negotiating table—Gordon's lawyers, Heart's lawyers [Arbor House's parent company], and MCA's lawyers [Berkley's parent company]. We needed to hammer out our deal before we could bring an author in."

This is not to say there wasn't much discussion around the table about who the "right" author might be. The list of candidates ranged from Elizabeth Ray and Rita Jenrette at one extreme to Margaret Truman Daniel at the other, with Joan Kennedy and Barbara Howar somewhere in between. Literary achievement, in short, was not a major consideration. The parties eventually settled on Maureen Dean, the female lead in the only hit television series ever to come out of Washington: the Watergate hearings. Everyone remembered her magnificent performance during her husband's testimony, sitting there day after day, hair primly pulled back, holding the Nancy Reagan gaze before there was a Nancy Reagan gaze. After someone at a meeting described Dean as "tainted but not touched by scandal," the book was hers for the asking.

Mo Dean, meanwhile, was minding her own business in the new life she had created for herself as a stockbroker at Shearson Lehman Brothers in Beverly Hills. When she got a letter from Coleman last summer, she was surprised. Reluctant at first, Dean ultimately decided it would be fun. Her husband, John—disbarred as a lawyer, but not forbidden to sit across the table from a battalion of lawyers and make a deal for his wife—started the necessary negotiations.

The wrangling over advances, points, foreign rights, and serial rights took so long that the deal wasn't cut until after Thanksgiving on a book due to be written by February and in bookstores by June. The deal gives Dean a $50,000 advance, ten percent royalties on the hardback book, 50 percent of the paperback sales (Berkley has bid a minimum of $100,000), and three percent of the film royalties. (Arbor House gets 7.5 percent.) Arbor House publisher Eden Collinsworth says, "We're very, very excited about this project. We have a three-part partnership—four parts if you count Mo—that's unique in publishing."

Mo Dean says that having only three months to write the book is no problem, even though she won't be taking any time away from stockbrokering. "The market closes at 1 p.m. out here and John types fast," she says. More to the point, though, being the author of the book doesn't mean she has to be the writer as well. In Hollywood they have people for that sort of thing. Although no one at Arbor House will say so, novelist Steven Gaines is working with Dean. He's earning a flat fee in the mid five-figures for his labors. Gaines spent two weeks with the Deans last month, helping to fill in the five-page treatment with what Mo Dean calls "vignettes. I have hundreds of vignettes. The ones I don't remember, John will. He has a great memory," she adds, in case anyone has forgotten.

Hays Gorey, the *Time* magazine writer who helped Dean with the vignettes on her first effort, *Mo: One Woman's Story of Watergate*, says the good thing about working with Dean is her extraordinary candor. Others agree. After the book came out, she was heard on the Washington cocktail circuit boasting that not only had she not written it—she hadn't even read it.

MARGARET B. CARLSON

Margaret B. Carlson is Washington bureau chief of *Esquire*.

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POSTCARD CAPE TOWN

HEAVEN ON EARTH

LEAVING the paved modern expressway and passing through a camouflage of trees, a visitor fresh from Cape Town's most charming neighborhood, where the hills and manicured lawns are reminiscent of San Francisco, is confronted with the bottom of human existence. As far as you can see, corrugated shacks are crunched against one another. In the grim maze that runs amid the shanties and mud are the miserable residents of Crossroads. You see children by the score, all of whom seem two years old. The smell is fetid. Here there are 30 water taps and three doctors for 100,000 human beings.

In a small, makeshift clinic they keep the dread statistics. Infant mortality: 51 per 1,000, compared to six per 1,000 for whites in Cape Town. (For those who stay behind in the dreaded "homeland" of Ciskei, it is 190 per 1,000.) Incredibly this is just ten minutes from Groote Shuur Hospital, where Christian Barnard (who now stars in advertisements for expensive skin care products) performed the first human heart transplant operation in 1967. In the past nine months, 500 people here have been shot by South African police, many by what Crossroads people call the "hippo," the antipersonnel tanks that leave so many of their youth lying wounded in their shanties, refusing to go to the hospital.

How does South Africa reconcile the existence of places like Crossroads with its own Christian covenant as the promised land of the Boers? The state president himself has an explanation, one that is steeped in Dutch Reformed bleakness. "I don't think you will find a heaven on earth," he says, "until Christ returns."

What makes the Bergmanesque remark so outlandish is the gorgeous setting in which it is uttered. Halfway between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, along the panoramic "Garden Route," there is a spectacular spot tucked between the mountains and the Indian Ocean. Overlooking a shining blue inlet is a sunny outpost of palm trees, red-bloomed hibiscus, and clean Dutch architecture. With the peaks of the Great Karroo rising above and the deep blue sea beyond, the scene seems stolen from an artist's easel.

This seaside Shangri-la is where Pieter W. Botha takes his vacations. It was here, where hotel attendants wear the paisley costumes of the *raj*, that the state president greeted a group of anti-apartheid American congressmen. If he felt any unease playing host in this white man's paradise, he did not show it.

Yet an hour-long meeting with the leader of white South Africa revealed a man playing for time. Faced with the double barrels of worsening violence at home and economic sanctions from abroad, he assumes an attitude of "this too shall pass." If a respectful discussion with a group of skeptical U.S. congressmen gets him through the day, then let's get on with it. "I can talk to the black man," he confides, "but not the liberal, radical white." There are no restrictions on the press in his country, he insists, only on "photographers." The current unrest is not endemic, but "lies in the importation of hatred from across our borders." The true villains are outside agitators. To say that his government has not changed is "a denial of the facts." His Nationalist Party has made "great strides" and is resigned to the end of white domination. But do not expect those changes to be ratified overnight. After all, he informed us, "This is a *democracy!*"

Roelof "Pik" Botha, the foreign minister, met us in a stately chamber of the Union Buildings, a grand edifice spread like a wide-angle photograph along a natural promontory overlooking Pretoria. With two large towers representing the English and Afrikaner cultures, the Union Buildings symbolize the misconception on which South Africa is based: that the union of these two peoples in 1910 could forge a new "white" nation like Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

Pik Botha clings to this misconception. In our talk, he moves swiftly to the attack. How *dare* countries of the West judge his country harshly? America, Australia, and New Zealand all faced indigenous people far less numerous, yet showed far more brutality toward them. "It was relatively easy for the whites in your country. That was sheer racism, what you did to the black man. What you did to the Red Indian, that was pure genocide."

The foreign minister is a cocky advocate who believes that the best defense is a good offense. He knows his client is guilty by the jury's current standards. But he also believes that his client is at least as innocent historically as the jury itself, and that he is just the man to prove it. Pik Botha is a man who swaggers sitting down. But even he is fatalistic. "I'll be dead soon," he says. "It's what I leave behind, after me, that matters."

OTHER VOICES in South Africa speak of death with the same terrible fatalism. In a church outside Cape Town, defying Pretoria's contention that the country's nonwhite ethnic groups can never unite, the Reverend Allan Boesak, a man labeled here as "Coloured," speaks to a congregation of devoted blacks. His message is of salvation, not in some spiritual kingdom high above, but here on earth. "The price is high, but the end is near," he preaches. "The government has the power to destroy us, but that is *all* the power they have. The days when they could threaten us with more troops, more guns, more bullets is *over!*" The church explodes in tears and joyful shouting.

Boesak's vision is reflected in the shining faces of his true believers. To sit with his followers singing and clapping in this church is to sense their messianic belief: that somehow their mud-crusted poverty will combine in some sacramental way with the horror rained

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on their children by South African tanks to bring deliverance.

CHRISTOPHER J. MATTHEWS

Christopher J. Matthews, administrative assistant to Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill, recently accompanied a congressional delegation to South Africa. His last piece for TNR was "Boss Tube" (December 16).

The day-off economy.

TOO MANY HOLIDAYS?

THE OFFICIAL CELEBRATION of Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday is a fine addition to our national stock of patriotic occasions. But how many people spent the day celebrating the values King stood for, and how many took it as just another day off? In the year that we add a tenth national holiday and the trade deficit heads for another record, it's worth asking whether Americans aren't enjoying too much leisure time in a competitive world.

It may be misleading to measure a society's welfare by its industrial output, but clearly the U.S. has got to compete in the global marketplace. The two obvious ways to sharpen our dulled competitive edge are increasing output per worker-hour and reducing wages. The first goal is proving hard to achieve and the second is painful. But what about a third alternative: working longer?

Actually the evidence, though sketchy, suggests that we're not the lazy bums we may think we are. A recent Harris survey concluded that Americans are working more and idling less, and have been doing so steadily since the early 1970s. The Harris numbers register a 20 percent increase in median self-estimated hours of toil, from 40.6 per week in 1973 to 48.8 in 1985. These figures don't reflect an increase in women working outside the home, because the key question includes housework (reasonably enough).

Figures released in December 1984 by West Germany's employer federation show U.S. industrial workers working more hours than any Europeans except the Swiss. This is mostly because of the extraordinary summer vacations taken on the Continent, which on average are about double the 12-working-day average annual vacation in the U.S. But the U.S. has more official holidays than European countries. And in Japan, the only Asian country included in the survey, the average worker works 12 percent more hours than his or her American counterpart (continuing the habits of Japanese schoolchildren, who do far more homework and are allowed less free time than American kids).

If the U.S. is working harder now, the comparisons are likely to improve. But of course the Harris survey depends on the honesty of the respondents. Harder data are scarce, but one set of numbers, from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, suggests a different trend. Totting up vacations, holidays, sick leave, and such, this study estimates that the percentage of paid hours not actually worked by American employees grew from less than one percent in 1929 to ten percent in 1983.

If Americans are indeed taking more time off, the reason is not necessarily indolence or the pursuit of pleasure. There are more and more families in which both parents, or the only parent, hold an outside job. The working mother or father in such a situation naturally is under more pressure to spend time at home than one with a full-time homemaker spouse. We can hope for help on this front from such developments as more expansive day-care facilities and a return in the 1980s to annual gains in real income, which reduce the need for second earners.

ANOTHER TREND that affects the equation is recent productivity increases in the use of leisure time. People can "relax" more in fewer hours, which logically (though this is a rather heartless way to look at it) should leave them more time to work. For example, cheaper and more widespread air transportation has allowed people to reach vacation destinations more quickly. And VCRs have made it possible to be entertained without rearranging one's day or traveling beyond the nearby video store. In fact, for many, the good things in life seem to be drawing ever nearer to the neighborhood. And the home computer, deferred hopes notwithstanding, can make things come a little closer still.

Public policymakers can't have much effect on most "time off" factors, but they do control the creation of legal holidays. There is no direct connection between the number of holidays and the productivity of an economy: several countries in up-and-coming Asia have a bundle of them (Sri Lanka celebrates a Full Moon Poya Day once a month) and the Communist states generally have the fewest. But the profusion of them may say something about the work ethic. And since June 28, 1870, when Congress made New Year's, Independence Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas federal holidays (only within the District of Columbia), the U.S. has been saying it louder over the years.

By 1894 Washington's Birthday, Memorial (Decoration) Day, and Labor Day had been added, and non-D.C. employees were enjoying most of the others. Lincoln's Birthday was rejected in 1920, but Veterans (Armistice) Day was recognized in 1938 and Columbus Day 30 years later. Martin Luther King Jr.'s day came this year. The states can and do act on their own, and often recognize more official holidays than the feds. And there is a persistent push for new holidays. The latest prestigious panel to study presidential election campaigns recently recommended that everybody get Election Day off.

The cost of a holiday isn't piddling. The Chamber of Commerce's numbers, cited in the King Day debate, put it at more than five billion dollars in lost productivity. More than that, however, is the symbolic effect of rewarding ourselves with more time off. I say let's cut back. We

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would not demean those who have fought and died for our nation if we observed Memorial and Veterans days together. New Year's is celebrated around the world, but what reflective significance does it really have? And, though you don't have to be Leif Ericsson to wonder why we should have a Columbus Day if not a multitude of other ethnic holidays, the compromise offered by Senators David Boren and Sam Nunn during the King holiday debate back in October 1983 still makes sense to me when it comes to personages: celebrate King, Washington, and Columbus on their appropriate days, whenever they fall, and not as the Monday leg of a three-day bender. Most years at least one would fall on a weekend, so we would lose only two work days a year while preserving the ceremonial significance of three holidays. (The idea may be revived as a cost-saver this year, Senator Boren's office says.)

It might seem that only a Scrooge would want to go after people's free time, and that any politician who tried to sell this idea to the voters would soon have a lot of idle time of his own. But who knows? The notion of putting America back to work has . . . worked before.

TIM W. FERGUSON

Tim W. Ferguson is an editor at the *Wall Street Journal*.

ON THE HILL

WEICKER'S WAY

HE IS a liberal Easterner with an Ivy League background who has given Jesse Helms more trouble than any other senator and has been as consistent and outspoken a critic of Ronald Reagan's policies as any senator in his party. His favorite cause is the Bill of Rights. On the Senate Watergate Committee 13 years ago, he was easily the most straightforward and outspoken critic of the Nixon administration. He ought to be a darling of the Washington press corps, which is not noted for its sympathy to Jesse Helms, Ronald Reagan, and Richard Nixon. But he's not. When Lowell Weicker takes the Senate floor in opposition to some Helms amendment on busing or prayer and thunders about the sacredness of the Constitution, the press galleries empty as if it were a fire drill. Weicker's personality is no doubt partly responsible for this. He is not a humble man, and he exhibits little of the backslapping friendliness toward reporters that other politicians do. "I don't think the press has given me credit, and I don't really care," he says.

Popular or not, the 54-year-old Weicker, Republican of Connecticut, has emerged as one of the Senate's, and the Republican Party's, most successful and durable politicians. He came from well back in the polls to survive a 1982 primary challenge from Vice President Bush's brother Prescott, and then overtook Democrat Toby Moffett to win the general election. In the process he installed his own man as the chairman of the Connecticut Republican Party and became the dominant Republican in the state. After persistent rumors to the contrary, he announced in December that he would not run for governor, a job many in Connecticut thought was his for the asking.

In Washington he presides over the Appropriations Subcommittee on Labor, Health and Human Services, and Education and has succeeded for three consecutive years in getting funds for those departments approved, generally along the lines he wanted. The Labor-HHS appropriations bills have been among the few actually passed and signed into law instead of being lumped into the catchall "continuing resolution," which has become the prime budgetary vehicle for a Congress at war with itself and the Reagan administration over spending. What's more, as chairman of the Small Business Committee, he has helped keep the SBA alive despite the administration's repeated attempts to kill it. And when the administration recently considered nominating James Buckley, the former senator and brother of columnist William F. Buckley Jr., to the federal bench from Connecticut, the prospect of Weicker's noisy opposition was enough to scotch the idea.

Although Weicker seems not to mind the widespread impression of him as abrasive, even arrogant, he doesn't like the idea that he is a spoiled rich kid. He is frequently described as an heir to the Squibb pharmaceutical fortune, which is technically true but, according to Weicker, misleading. "My grandfather along with Doctor Squibb founded Squibb pharmaceutical," he explains. Weicker estimates his net worth at between $750,000 and one million dollars. That's rich by many standards, but not by the Senate's, populated as it is with Rockefellers, Kennedys, and Heinzes. Weicker did, though, have a decidedly upper-class upbringing. Born in Paris, he grew up in New York City, went to Lawrenceville School, Yale University, and the University of Virginia Law School. Before coming to the House of Representatives in 1969, he served in the Connecticut legislature and was Greenwich's first selectman, the equivalent of its mayor. He was elected to the Senate in 1970.

HE IS A VERY TALL, ruddy man whose ample girth is made less obvious by his height. Most senators have, or affect, an open and pleasant manner; Weicker often appears to be scowling. His bearing is imposing, even intimidating. He makes little effort to subscribe to the Senate's "traditional" camaraderie, in which ideological opponents slug it out in debate and then walk arm in arm off the floor. It is a place where one speaks well, at least for the record, of one's bitterest enemies. Not Weicker. Of Jesse Helms, he says, "I oppose the man as far as the principles he is espousing. I don't like the man personally either." Of his New Right colleagues in general, Weicker adds, "I don't want to grant the term 'conservative' to those guys. I think they're nuts." Informed of this, Helms, who is fastidious about observing the Senate's customs, would say only, "I would

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rather it be him saying that than any other senator." Helms has good reason not to rate Weicker his favorite senator, for Weicker is largely responsible for the failure of Helms & Co. to write their political/religious agenda into law. Despite the support of a popular president, and despite the evidently conservative mood of the electorate, Helms has little to show for his efforts on behalf of school prayer and against school busing and abortion. Again and again, it has been Weicker who has thwarted him.

For Weicker, the defeat of the social-issues crusaders is a victory that emerged from unpromising circumstances. After waiting patiently through 1981 while President Reagan put his economic and defense policies in place, Helms and his allies were expecting 1982 to be theirs. It was an election year, when voting against Helms's cleverly crafted amendments on busing, abortion, and school prayer carried greatest risk. And the first issue Helms chose to move on was busing, whose unpopularity reached well beyond the champions of the unborn and the born-again who are the prime constituencies of Helms's other priorities. Helms's approach was to legislate away the authority the courts had used in ordering busing as a remedy for segregation.

Weicker remembers a strategy meeting with his friends in the civil rights movement. "We all agreed this was not the strongest place to take our stand," Weicker recalls. "They all urged me not to go ahead and make a no-holds-barred fight on the issue." Weicker thought it over and decided to make the fight anyway. "I thought, there's no end to this once we start backing up. Everyone assumed it was gonna be over in a matter of days. We eventually lost, but by the time the issue went to the House it was so late in the session that it died. It made me understand that the best way to fight Helms was to go at him and not give him any free yardage." In the process Weicker coined a new term for what Helms was trying to do. "Court-stripping," he called it. It stuck, and it helped.

In his continuing struggle with Helms, Weicker eventually got assistance from Democrat Max Baucus and from fellow Republican liberal Robert Packwood. Other liberals such as Mathias, Kennedy, Hart, Biden, and Metzenbaum usually voted with Weicker but were notably absent from the front lines when it was time to mount the filibusters that were the first line of defense against Helms. For his part, Helms does not acknowledge that Weicker has been his nemesis. "I've always gotten a vote," he says, using an argument whereby his legislative defeats become political victories because they force adversaries to take unpopular stands.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

As for Weicker, Helms says, "The only reason he's been able to do what he's done is that he was subject only to a Cadillac filibuster." Under revised Senate rules, which require only 60 votes to shut off a filibuster, it has become standard at the outset of a filibuster for the majority leader to file a cloture petition, requiring a vote within 48 hours on stopping debate. In the meantime, the Senate usually moves on to other business. The filibuster technically is still in force, but no one is actually talking. This requires the cooperation of both sides, and Helms suggests that it was his sense of senatorial courtesy that allowed Weicker to get off easy. "I don't claim to be a master of parliamentary procedure," he says, "but I believe I could take Lowell's measure anytime. If I had decided to do so, I could have made him stand on his feet all night."

Weicker's success in taking on Helms seems to have helped his standing in the Senate. Connecticut Democrat Christopher Dodd remembers writing him a note in the midst of one of his battles with Helms. "I'm glad you're my senator," it said. Dodd adds, "People do like Lowell more than you might expect, given the role he plays. He has a lot of guts." And Bill Hildenbrand, secretary of the Senate under Howard Baker, says Weicker was rarely guilty of the deviousness to which some members are prone. "If he tells you he's going to be with you, he will. He's established himself and gotten a lot of publicity out of being a maverick. He's got

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everyone thinking he's hard to deal with and takes crazy positions, but he always went out of his way to cooperate with us."

Weicker has been married three times and has seven sons, one of whom, seven-year-old Sonny, suffers from Down's syndrome. His experience with his own retarded child has made him acutely sensitive to the problems of the handicapped. Thus it was with special indignation that Weicker responded last April to the news that Eileen Gardner, a special assistant to Secretary of Education William Bennett, had once drafted a paper for the Heritage Foundation arguing that federal aid to the handicapped was "misguided." In the paper Gardner contended that handicaps are a reflection of one's "level of internal spiritual development." The attitude of the handicapped toward government assistance, including educational assistance, said Gardner, was rooted in a "falsely based" philosophy that "what happened to them is due to chance, fate, some cruel fate."

Gardner soon found herself in a Senate hearing room crowded with spectators in wheelchairs, Weicker presiding. He said he had gotten an outraged phone call from Sarah Brady, wife of presidential press secretary James Brady, shot in the head in John Hinckley's attempt to assassinate President Reagan. "Do you think Jim Brady's external circumstances fit his level of inner spiritual development?" asked Weicker. "That is in no way to assume that a person is inferior or bad," Gardner answered. "I'm saying that what happens to a person in life, the circumstances a person is born into . . . those circumstances are there to help the individual grow toward internal spiritual perfection." The next day she resigned. Weicker declared the matter "resolved to the benefit of education in our country." And, he might have added, to the embarrassment of the Reagan administration and its new secretary of education.

The episode was one of those brief Washington flaps that come and go like a summer storm. But it is typical of Weicker that he would clash with the Reagan administration over an issue on which an official's public policy views are tinged with religious conviction. Weicker likes to argue that on many issues, particularly constitutional questions involving separation of church and state, his stands represent the true conservative position. Indeed, when asked why, given his differences with the administration and many in his party, he is a Republican at all, he contends that it is the party, not he, that has moved. "I know," he says, "this pendulum is going to swing back toward the middle. Dallas will go down as the all-time disgrace in the history of Republican conventions. It was an orgy of way-out thought. As Republicans, that's where we lost the Congress." Whether that's true or not, it certainly seems to be where the Republican Party lost any chance to regain Lowell Weicker.

BRIT HUME

Brit Hume covers the Senate for ABC News.

The new age of toxic tort.

POISONED WELL

Woburn, Massachusetts

LEATHER products have been made here since the 1850s, and residents long ago learned to live with the stench of boiling hides and animal carcasses. The tanneries were their livelihood. Now it appears that the local industries have poisoned the well—in more ways than one. Alerted by a group of alarmed citizens after five children in one neighborhood died of leukemia, dozens of lawyers and environmental authorities came to town to follow a trail of underground water tainted with hazardous chemicals apparently dumped by local factories. Residents of this working-class city of 35,000 are taking their industrial neighbors to court in a case that could change the way victims of corporate irresponsibility—and their lawyers—demand retribution. Lawyers here are writing the casebooks for the new age of toxic tort.

Thirty-three plaintiffs from eight Woburn families have filed suit in Federal District Court in Boston seeking compensation and punitive damages for the loss of the five children. They claim that two corporate giants are directly responsible for the deaths. The John J. Riley Tannery, located next to the city's municipal wells, was a division of Beatrice Foods Inc. from 1978 to 1983. W. R. Grace and Company owns and operates the Cryovac plant (a manufacturer of food-packaging equipment) nearby. If the plaintiffs can convince a jury that toxic substances dumped by the two firms seeped into the water table and caused leukemia in the children, they stand to win tens of millions of dollars.

Trichloroethylene (TCE) is used to remove paint and degrease machine parts. In 1964 an insurance company memorandum warned Grace executives that TCE was highly toxic, and recommended masks and goggles for all employees exposed to the chemical. Phosgene, a form of nerve gas, results if concentrated TCE mixes with fumes released by welding. TCE has been found to cause cancers in lab animals, and liver damage, neurological disorders, and cell mutation in humans. Plaintiffs' lawyers claim they can prove not only that Grace ignored the warning regarding its own employees, but that it poured used trichloroethylene on the ground to the rear of the plant. As for the Riley Tannery, it allegedly tolerated the dumping of TCE and other dangerous chemicals on its property just a mile south of Cryovac.

Anne Anderson's son Jimmy developed leukemia at age three in 1972. He was not the only one. Jimmy's doctor found after checking his patients' records that he had recently treated six cases of childhood leukemia all within a six-block neighborhood in East Woburn. A concentration of that many cases is called an epidemiological cluster. The odds of it occurring by chance, according to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control, are 100 to one. The victims of the

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cluster all drew their drinking water from the same municipal wells near the tannery throughout the mid and late 1960s.

In the spring of 1979, railroad workers accidently uncovered almost 200 drums full of polyurethane mysteriously buried near the Aberjona River and the municipal wells. When state environmental engineers tested the wells for contamination, they found no polyurethane in the water. They did find an alarmingly high level of trichloroethylene.

Jimmy died in 1981. The following year Anne Anderson cofounded For a Cleaner Environment, which monitors local environmental issues. FACE assisted in an important study by the Harvard School of Public Health that, on the basis of extensive interviews and examination of family medical histories in Woburn, linked use of the suspect well water to increased incidence of leukemia, various organ disorders, and birth defects.

The study frightened Anderson and others into action. After consulting with Senator Edward Kennedy's office, the families of the victims began to consider legal help. At the time, Tony Roisman had established Trial Lawyers for Public Justice as a nationwide network of attorneys interested in general issues of consumer protection and product safety. Kennedy aides put Roisman in touch with FACE, and Roisman offered his organization's Massachusetts contact, Jan Richard Schlictman, a shot at the case.

SCHLICTMAN likes to think of the legal battle as a courtroom version of David and Goliath, with his three-man office facing the hundreds of lawyers in the two largest and most prestigious law firms in Boston. Schlictman claims his office has invested every day, night, and weekend for the past year in the Woburn case. An associate noted that Schlictman alone puts in 110 hours a week. And then there is the cost. The expense of suing the two multibillion-dollar, multinational conglomerates will probably exceed three million dollars. That includes up to 50 hours of overtime per week to paralegals and secretaries; airline tickets for medical experts to get to Boston to testify; attorneys' standard fees for time spent in taking down hundreds of depositions from potential witnesses on both sides; and the price of extremely sophisticated laboratory tests.

Schlictman is taking a big gamble. Neither he nor his clients can possibly afford to pay for the case up front. If he wins, of course, he and his partners will be very wealthy men; but if he loses, his firm will probably go under. Schlictman sought financial advice—and backing—from the Economic Planning Group, a consulting firm in Boston. In effect, the Woburn suit became what might be called venture capital litigation, opening up to businessmen and lawyers alike the opportunity to speculate on a court case. The company designed a three-year "business plan" for the lawsuit based on a projected case length, including appeals. Jim Gordon of EPG believes that Schlictman is a good risk: "Based upon the firm's past successes and upon its previous ability to borrow, they've been able to fully finance the case." Clearly Schlichtman and Gordon have borrowed a considerable amount of money from several banks to subsidize this operation. Gordon would not say how much or from whom.

THE GATHERING of proof is particularly difficult in the Woburn case because no one was around to measure TCE levels when the poisoning supposedly occurred. And readings taken today cannot be applied to illnesses that started long ago. Thus the lawyer's dilemma in toxic tort: if you wait for symptoms to appear, you've probably lost all traces of hard evidence; if symptoms haven't yet developed, no judge or jury will take your claims seriously. And even assuming you can prove that trichloroethylene was in the water drunk by those children (and the mothers who were pregnant in the late 1960s and early 1970s), it is still difficult to link the chemical to the cancer. Courts demand that one demonstrate a cause-and-effect association through a presentation of state-of-the-art medical literature.

Enter Dr. Alan Levin, an immunologist retained as a medical expert by the plaintiffs. Levin had heard that doctors for the defendants had found no correlation between TCE and leukemia in a computer scan of medical journals and textbooks. "But it's all in the way you do the computer search," says Levin, "not whether the link actually exists in the literature." To prove it, he plugged in baseball bats and skull fractures. He came up with no examples of cause and effect. Then he tried blunt instruments and head trauma. Hundreds of cases involving baseball bats came up on the screen. Levin applied the same method to the suspected carcinogen. He linked TCE to cell damage, in particular to the alteration of lymphocytes, or white blood cells. Then he had only to tie damaged lymphocytes (in effect, precancerous cells) to leukemia itself—an obvious connection. Roisman says that now both sides refer to Levin as Galileo, because he's regarded by the "establishment" defendants as a heretic, and by the plaintiffs as a genius.

The corporations, meanwhile, are staking their defense on a rigorous standard of proof that they believe discredits most of the evidence against them. Papers filed in court on behalf of W. R. Grace state that "there is no scientific basis for concluding that the alleged exposure of the plaintiffs [to the chemicals] caused any harm." What the lawyers mean by "scientific basis" is 100 percent certainty. They admit the TCE contamination exists, but deny that it was severe enough to do any damage to humans. They are likely to claim that dozens of background carcinogens could have polluted the Woburn environment. Cancer rates in Mrs. Anderson's neighborhood may be abnormally high for a number of reasons: other industrial toxic waste sites to the north; abnormal family medical histories; airborne contaminants; unhealthy work habits; or bad luck. A cautious scientist will never attribute final causality without having decisively eliminated every alternative hypothesis.

But Professor Charles Nesson of the Harvard Law School, serving as counsel to Schlictman's firm, may have found a way to get around these defenses. In a forthcoming

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article in the *Boston University Law Review* on Agent Orange, Nesson concedes that the existence of a statistical disease cluster alone does not provide adequate proof to argue successfully for the victims of environmental poisoning. Scientists for the plaintiffs cannot set up control populations for human beings, as they can for lab animals, to isolate the effects of a given chemical. Instead of taking on the strict rules of scientific proof in an attempt to link chemical to ailment, Nesson offers what he calls the "blue bus" hypothetical. A plaintiff is run off the road at night by a bus whose color he cannot distinguish. The plaintiff's only lead is the fact that the Blue Bus Company runs 80 percent of the buses on that road. A reasonable conclusion is that the Blue Bus company is liable.

He plans to apply similar logic to the Woburn case. In civil suits, he points out, plaintiffs must prove only that the defendant's actions (in this instance the dumping of toxic waste) *more likely than not* caused the damage or suffering (i.e., the leukemia). Very different from the "beyond a reasonable doubt" standard that applies to criminal convictions, or to the level of certainty required by pure science. Nesson's innovation lies in the acceptance of probability as a guideline for litigation. The standard of proof in toxic tort, he writes, "should reflect an understanding of the societal role of courts and law: can a jury conclude with reasonable confidence that the wrongdoer caused injury?"

Trial lawyers these days are rarely commended for community service or swift dispensation of justice. But in the Woburn case the plaintiffs' attorneys have been remarkably efficient—certainly in comparison to the Environmental Protection Agency, which is ostensibly responsible for the cleanup of chemical wastelands like Woburn. Court deadlines press harder than Superfund target dates. EPA lab tests on Woburn's well water took months to finish; Schlictman's firm usually obtained results overnight, and then gave that data to state, local, and federal authorities. Roisman argues that "Woburn is doing for medical toxicology what World War Two did for aviation because the need in the courtroom has created the financial support for toxic research that wasn't available before."

W. R. Grace and Beatrice may regret not having settled out of court. If the families win the case, compensatory awards will range around $200,000 per plaintiff, and punitive damages could go as high as several million dollars apiece. The total could exceed $60 million. And the plaintiffs have agreed to hand over their findings to a grand jury now investigating the case in Boston, which could lead to criminal indictments. A lawyer for Grace says he is confident that the jury will rule in their favor. But just before the selection of the jurors, Grace showed unmistakable signs of concern. On February 11 it announced a plan to begin treatment of groundwater beneath its property with elaborate drilling and reinjection systems. Reverend Bruce Young, cofounder of For a Cleaner Environment, remains skeptical. "That's their land, not the aquifer. I'm not going to give out points to somebody for painting their own house when they caused the paint to fall off everybody else's house in the first place."

EVAN T. BARR

What is "Critical Legal Studies"?

RADICALISM FOR YUPPIES

BY LOUIS MENAND

DUNCAN KENNEDY—Andover, Harvard, and Yale Law School, now a professor at Harvard Law—advises young lawyers to resist oppression by refusing to laugh at the senior partners' jokes. This professional risk-taking is in order, he explains, because "all over the world, workers and peasants and political activists have risked and lost their lives." The progressive lawyer does not want to risk actually being fired, of course. That would be counterrevolutionary. For contrary to the conventional belief that progressive politics means working on behalf of the underprivileged, the first duty of leftist intellectuals is to "combat . . . their own experience of oppression" wherever it may occur—at the corporate law firm, or the Ivy League faculty meeting, or the upper-middle-class dinner party.

Kennedy's guide to revolutionary etiquette is laid out in a little book called *Legal Education and the Reproduction of Hierarchy* (1983). It belongs to the political program of the academic movement known as Critical Legal Studies. The "Crits," as they're known, eschew the tradition of academic radicals like the British Fabians, who simply ignored the contradictions between their revolutionary beliefs and their bourgeois life-styles. Instead, they have developed a sophisticated (although basically fatuous) justification for their lives as guerrillas with tenure.

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Critical Legal Studies has been in the news lately, thanks to accounts of faculty tensions at Harvard Law School. Six senior faculty members are said to be so unhappy about the influence of the Crits that they are actually thinking about moving to other law schools—a shocking development for Harvard. One already has done so. And until last week, no outsider had accepted an offer of tenure from Harvard since 1981. Dean James Vorenberg has had to send a calming letter to the school's alumni, and university president Derek Bok has announced that he will step into the law school's appointment process. On the other hand, even some non-Crits admire the Crits for having injected some excitement into a discipline, and an institution, not known for polemical fireworks in recent years.

What exactly *is* Critical Legal Studies? The movement now has adherents among the tenured faculty at many of the nation's top schools, and its method of scholarship is spreading. The lawyer or judge who picks up a law review these days, in the modest expectation of learning about developments in some point of contract doctrine, is likely to be confronted instead by titles like "Deconstructing the Legislative Veto" and "Nihilism and Legal Theory" and "Constitutional Adjudication and the Indeterminate Text."

Critical Legal Studies is an attack on what its practitioners refer to as "liberal legalism." The phrase is meant to denote nearly everything the traditional way of thinking about law in our society takes for granted: in a nutshell, the notion that the law is a body of more or less neutral principles that, when applied to real-life disputes, produce results that are more or less consistent and more or less derived from considerations of justice rather than power. No one, of course, actually believes that the law is a magic wand that, if waved correctly, always produces a just result. But most legal scholars think that something like this is at least the goal of the American legal system. That's why they're devoting their lives to the law. The Crits reject this basic premise.

According to CLS, legal principles are not neutral, but biased in favor of certain economic and social arrangements that are themselves neither inevitable nor just. What's more, the law is not consistent, but radically indeterminate, capable of producing opposite results in similar cases depending on the outcome the judge desires or the system requires. Finally, the law is not apolitical, but in fact the instrument and the enforcer of a specific political ideology—the ideology of liberal capitalism. The idea of "the rule of law" is, according to the CLS view, nothing more (and nothing less) than the glue that holds present arrangements in place.

In broad outline, this bears a strong resemblance to the Legal Realist movement of the 1920s and 1930s, which noted the effect of economic developments such as industrialization on supposedly neutral legal principles. But the legal realists never challenged the *aspiration* of law to serve justice. To nonlegal scholars, CLS's claim to have demystified the law may seem only a fancy prelude to a familiar exercise in establishment-bashing. But two features of Critical Legal thought distinguish it from the usual leftist program.

The first concerns the choice of political arena. The Critical Legal scholar holds a position at an elite law school and writes articles for law reviews on the traditional subject of legal scholarship—appellate court decisions. Community organizing, free legal work for the poor, amicus briefs in Supreme Court cases—all the sorts of things activist lawyers usually engage in—play no role. Some Crits may spend their time and legal talent on these kinds of activities, but the movement's gospel holds that there is no such thing as a progressive legal solution to any actual social problem.

The purpose of Critical Legal scholarship is not to identify injustices in specific areas of the law, or to attack lines of precedent in which democratic principles have been perverted, or to argue for more social science in judicial decision-making. The purpose is to expose the entire system of legal thought as an intellectual prison house. The language of the law, the Critical Legal scholar explains, is so much a part of the way we think that it dictates not only how we judge present arrangements, but our ability to dream up better alternatives. "The vocation of legal thought," as Northeastern's Karl Klare (J.D. Harvard '75) puts it, is "to render radical, nonliberal visions of freedom literally inconceivable."

Thus the second difference between CLS and traditional leftism: CLS has no explicit political agenda. It offers only the fuzziest idea of what the good life might be and how it can be attained. And it operates with no expectation of developing a theory of politics or the state. No target is out of bounds, since whatever exists helps to maintain the ideological hegemony of the powers that be, and is thus deserving of disrespect. On the other hand, CLS's most concrete political advice tends to be the trivial kind Duncan Kennedy dispenses: practice "risk-taking, insubordination, defiance"—when you can get away with it. Only by disrupting the institution from the inside can the idea of a more just world be expected to take shape. And the more prestigious and powerful the institution the better—so feel free to pursue your conventional ambitions at the same time.

Where did this radicalism for yuppies come from? Part

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Duncan The Doughnut

IMAGINE THE SCENE IN *The Paper Chase* where the camera pans the anxious faces of first-year Harvard Law School students and arrives finally at the front and center of the horseshoe-shape classroom on The Professor. But this professor, unlike John Houseman in the movie, is not stately, is not wearing a gray suit and a maroon bow tie, and is not speaking in monotone. He's craggy and bearded; he wears rumpled corduroy trousers and an orange crewneck sweater with a hole at the elbow; and he talks in a voice that ranges over two octaves. This is Duncan Kennedy, perhaps the most famous of the Crits, as professors of the Critical Legal Studies school are known. (There's even been a Calvin Trillin profile of him in the *New Yorker*.) He invites us, his first-year property law class, to call him "Dunc."

Crits are law's bad boys and girls, and their tree house seems to be Harvard. The usual suspects number half a dozen on the law school faculty, but there are perhaps a dozen more Crit sympathizers.

One of the heavies is Professor Roberto Unger, currently on a two-year leave in his native Brazil. Unger teaches such courses as "Reinventing Democracy," and has written more books, all of them dense and difficult, than some professors have written articles. Unger's abstruse intellect is legendary; in a recent student play, the character parodying Unger entered to the theme song from "The Twilight Zone."

Professor Jerry Frug and Assistant Professor Clare Dalton are interested in the implications of deconstructionist textual analysis for judicial opinions. Then there's Professor Morton Horwitz, who, nearing 50, is a sort of elder CLS statesman. Affectionately known by his first-year students as "Mort the Tort," Horwitz is best known for his cogent Crit history of the development of tort doctrine in America. He's also known as an oenophile; a student once asked him why he was so anxious for a revolution, since it was clear that the last thing a post-revolutionary society would need would be law professors with a fondness for wine-tasting.

THE NUMBER of Crit advocates and sympathizers on the faculty isn't large (there are 64 professors on the law school faculty), but their representation on key committees and their personal comments about the teaching styles of their more traditional colleagues have polarized the faculty and brought the promotion process to a halt. Paul Bator, a former deputy solicitor general of the United States, decided to leave Harvard for the University of Chicago Law School this winter because he found it a more congenial place to teach. Harvard Law School dean James Vorenberg responded by sending a three-page letter to 28,000 alums and students to assure them that times were trying, but not desperate, at the law school.

For students, one of the biggest problems is that the Crits' canon is abstract, long-winded, obscure, and self-referential. Duncan Kennedy's articles, some of them unpublished, are long and at points indecipherable; I have left them even after rereading with the same sense of Pyrrhic enlightenment that I have after putting aside *Finnegan's Wake*. Jerry Frug published a piece recently in the *New York Times Book Review* in which he discussed the application of deconstructionist analysis of literary texts to judicial opinions. What no one seems to have noticed is that analyzing the prose of novelists like Henry James is quite different than probing judicial opinions, most of which are written by the 24-year-old clerks of politically appointed judges. There's barely enough time in law school to figure out one plausible meaning of the dry and technical language in most judicial opinions, much less several possible ones.

Crits are at their best, however, in the classroom. Duncan Kennedy is voluble, often witty. He struts up and down the aisles, perches on desks, and jumps around like Richard Simmons. He is masterful at juxtaposing cases based upon similar facts that have different legal outcomes and forcing their irreconcilability upon his students. He taught us how to spot circular reasoning and other flaws in logic at a hundred paces. He lampooned stuffy professors, and he made fun of the law. He often let us sound off for a long time about nothing much, but nipped in the bud any complicated questions about actual property law. Indeed, of all our first-year courses, we learned less property law than anything else.

Dunc was upset that our liberal tendencies were so mushy, and he tried to drill sophistication into us:

> Dunc: Would it be good for the poor if we created a legal regime in which a warranty of habitability is implied in every housing contract?
>
> Student: Sounds like a good idea to me.
>
> Dunc: But implied warranties of habitability will make providing housing more expensive, and developers will then do something else, with the result being that the poor will have even less housing available to them.
>
> Student: Oh.
>
> Dunc: No, no, no. You should respond, "That all depends upon the elasticities of the supply and demand curves for housing in the area."

Then he would have all 150 of us recite that after him, in unison. We must have done that a dozen times in as many weeks. Although he pretended to respect our opinions, he called us "pedestrian overachievers" and often treated us, with his catechisms, like sheep.

By the third week in the course you realize that for Dunc this is merely sport. When asked about his political beliefs, Dunc told us he was an existential-Marxist anarcho-syndicalist modernist. Whatever that means, it isn't immediately apparent in his upper-crust schooling and his conventional middle-class life.

Anxious to downplay the academic hierarchy, Dunc instituted a "no-hassle pass" in his course. If you didn't want to answer his questions, you could just pass. We had a standing joke that if you didn't want to pass, you could always give the all-purpose answer sure to win Dunc's approval: "Turn the property into a community farm."

Marc Granetz

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of the answer is that the various "post-structuralist" theories that have become standard fare over the past decade in philosophy and literary criticism have finally invaded legal scholarship. The typical Critical Legal scholar considers himself a "deconstructionist"—he is interested above all in demonstrating the semantic incoherence of legal texts. Stanford professor Mark Kelman (J.D. Harvard '76) calls the method "trashing." The premise is that once the theoretical incoherence of liberal legalism has been exposed, we will be able to reconceive all our political values because we will now understand what is really going on.

"To expose the limitations of doctrine," explains Harvard professor Clare Dalton (LL.M. Harvard '73) in a recent article titled "An Essay in the Deconstruction of Contract Doctrine," ". . . is one of the major goals of this piece. That done, it becomes possible systematically to surface the core issues underlying contractual disputes, by decoding doctrinal formulations." This is a typical bit of CLS prose. Dalton cites Jacques Derrida and his " 'deconstructive' textual strategies" as the source of her method.

What Dalton proposes, however, has nothing to do with the actual theory. Deconstruction is a train most riders choose to get off before the end of the line. Unfortunately, the train itself travels straight into the abyss. The belief that there are things coherent and intelligible enough to be called "core issues" underlying legal texts—and that legal doctrine is a sort of code that, when cracked, reads "politics"—reflects just the sort of "naive" idea of meaning that deconstructionist theory is intended to explode. If a true deconstructionist were presented with the conclusion that legal language masked political ideology, he or she could only reply, "Politics? And what is that?"

DECONSTRUCTION is in fact the least practical intellectual strategy for a political movement—even a movement whose politics are as conveniently abstract as those of Critical Legal Studies. The reason is that *nothing* follows from it, and it can therefore be made to serve anybody's end. One reason the Crits like to bandy the term "deconstruction" is that it sounds so threatening. And a number of traditional legal scholars have expressed suitable alarm. Yale Law School professor Owen Fiss condemned CLS not long ago as "the new nihilism," and Duke Law School dean Paul Carrington wrote last year in the *Journal of Legal Education* that if the Crits are serious about what they preach, they have "an ethical duty to depart the law school."

But surely there is less here for mainstream law professors to be worried about than they think. For in spite of its noises about transforming the world, Critical Legal Studies is the most academic of enterprises. Who but an academic would think that an idea is rendered useless once it has been shown to be philosophically incoherent? Everyday political life involves a thousand beliefs whose truthfulness and efficacy are entirely a function of the good faith of the participants—and are nonetheless useful for it. The law school graduate who sets up shop in the real world on Critical Legal principles will not only find himself unable to practice much law; he will find himself unable—for good or ill—to practice much politics either.

The slogan "Everything is politics" is like the slogan "Everything is art": in order to make the perfectly unexceptionable point that those categories are, in the end, arbitrary, constructed things, the terms are drained of the practical meaning we give them. For just as it is useful to know the difference, however factitious, between a sculpture and a refrigerator, so it is useful to acknowledge a distinction between a policy and a principle. The politicization of everything is, after all, one of the characteristics of totalitarian societies (a problem scarcely touched on, by the way, in the CLS literature I have read).

THE Critical Legal scholars are not, of course, totalitarian. Their vision is communitarian: a vision of a world of homogeneous, small-scale groups—"cells," Kennedy calls them—where rules can be the subjects of constant negotiation because everyone can afford to be his or her own lawyer. But it has been a long time since this vision had any realistic force. We feel the need for neutral principles of justice today precisely because we live in a world of sharply competing notions of the good life. Neutral principles, though they may prevent us from getting exactly the society we want, at least protect us from getting only the society somebody else wants. In a society in which every question of human relations was settled solely on the basis of a political power struggle, even the Critical Legal scholar might be glad for some sort of neutral principle—and would scarcely mind its being a fiction.

But Critical Legal Studies is not, in spite of its theoretical fashion, a French import. Its political spirit is easy enough to recognize; it is even a little out of date. It is the spirit of a certain strain of 1960s student radicalism—the kind that believed that college professors wield real class power, and that being able to take a course pass/fail is a victory against oppression. Thus the Crits devote their energies to schemes for professors and janitors to share in communal decision-making at law schools, as a substitute for asking why—given their analysis—law schools (and thus their own comfortable jobs) should exist.

The typical Critical Legal scholar attended an Ivy League (or comparably selective) college in the 1960s or early 1970s, went on to study at an elite law school, perhaps spent a year clerking for a prestigious judge, and then proceeded directly to a position on the faculty of a top-tier law school. It must be difficult indeed, in such a hothouse career, not to think that all the conditions of one's work have real-world import—not to think that one's professional frustrations reflect an oppressive hierarchy, that one's personal satisfactions represent a universal ideal, that every administrative decision at one's institution is a matter of genuine political moment.

But if one is a professor at Harvard or Stanford or Georgetown law school, one enjoys a rather desirable set of occupational conditions to have to worry about. It's nice to have available a style of radical politics that doesn't require giving any of them up. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Sicilian Earth

Kaos
(MGM/UA Classics)

Composers from Haydn to Bartók have used folk tunes in their work, transforming them into art without losing their original pith. Writers of fiction, especially of short stories, have often made cognate transformations of folk material. These stories grow from incidents observed or heard of, rather than from the author's subjectivity. In fact, short stories might be roughly classified as belonging to one group or the other. Preeminent among the folkloric writers is Luigi Pirandello. His plays are highly subjective, often metaphysical. But (besides some novels) Pirandello, who was Sicilian, wrote over 300 stories. Those that I have read—a few of the many—have been folkloric accounts of Sicilian life, stories that he seems (repeat: seems) merely to have recorded. If there is a substantive difference between the words "tale" and "story," the Pirandello pieces I know are tales.

In their new film the Taviani brothers, Paolo and Vittorio, have taken four of his Sicilian tales and told three of them well. They have also added a biographical epilogue. The overall title, *Kaos*, is pointless, even though an epigraph from Pirandello explains that, near his birthplace, there is a forest whose name is a Sicilian corruption of the Greek word for "chaos." (Incidentally, this is the second current film whose title is a foreign word for "chaos," the other being Kurosawa's *Ran*.) The Taviani brothers are Communists, which is relevant because most of their previous work has been politically radical. And most of it that I've seen has been ponderously arty: *Allonsanfan*, *The Night of the Shooting Stars*, and *The Meadow* (about politically "stranded" youth). The best film of theirs that I know, *Padre Padrone*, set in Sardinia, was not political; and though freighted with aesthetic mechanisms, had some stubborn vigor.

Now, with no hint of politics, the Tavianis have done the loveliest work of theirs to come my way. It doesn't seem so at the start. Some peasants capture a crow and tie a tiny bell around its neck, then release the bird to tinkle across the sky. I braced myself for Art. The belled crow, together with shots of the gorgeous landscape over which it flies, is seen between the separate episodes of the film, superfluously. But the use of the crow is probably related to the fact that makes the whole enterprise too long. The four stories plus epilogue run three-and-a-half hours. The producer was RAI, the Italian TV network, and I assume that *Kaos* began as a TV series, with the flying crow as the "signature" before each installment. Seen at one sitting, the aggregate is too long, the crow business is irrelevant, and the whole matter is worsened because the last two parts are the weakest.

To dispose of all the defects: the three best sections would themselves benefit by some condensation. The Tavianis insist on close-ups of important objects and always hold them too long. When we see a woman quite obviously cleaning a floor by pushing two cloths around with her bare feet, the camera has to come in and italicize the way she is cleaning. Recurrently the directors become so fond of a spectacular shot that they linger. But compared with the way they have handled these and other matters in the past, they are positively light-fingered here.

Let's begin the praise with their cinematographer, Giuseppe Lanci, a name new to me. Lanci makes the Sicilian landscape poor and rich at the same time: he shows us how difficult it is to wrest a living from this hard earth and also conveys why Sicilians love it. The terrain has a general tone of light brown—of course varied but seemingly all dry—at the same time that the shapes of fields, the narrow roads between high stone walls, the hill towns, the nestled farmhouses declare the investment of many lives for many centuries. Lanci's palette and framing illustrate the difference between sentiment and sentimentality. Then there are the costumes by Lina Nelvi Taviani. I assume their authenticity—late 19th and early 20th century—but anyone can appreciate their textures, almost tangible, and their articulation, from the homemade shoes to the sleeveless sheepskin coats, that again embody traditions poor and proud.

The first of the three best stories, "The Other Son," deals with a middle-aged woman who has been trying for years to send letters to her two sons in America, with her anguish because she has had no reply, and with her blunt rejection of her third son, who lives nearby. He had a different father, and in a long flashback the woman tells a newcomer why she feels different toward this other son. The past narrative takes place in the Garibaldi days, and the key device, the playing of boccie with severed heads, is familiar from another Pirandello tale that I read long ago. The Tavianis treat it skillfully:

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Power. Sidney Lumet's once-over-brightly about an election media consultant. A stronger actor than Richard Gere would have made it more pungent, but it entertains. (Reviewed 3/3/86)

Ran. Japanese for "chaos." A master, Akira Kurosawa, displays his mastery, though he doesn't achieve the tragedy of *King Lear*, from which the script derives. (1/6&13/86)

Shoah. Hebrew for "holocaust." Claude Lanzmann has made a monument of testimony and a generally fine film—a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary (shown in two parts) that interviews survivors, witnesses, and participants of the Final Solution. (All of it was done after 1976.) (10/28/85)

Turtle Diary. Harold Pinter's screenplay, from Russell Hoban's novel, gives delightful, laconic roles to Glenda Jackson, Ben Kingsley, and Michael Gambon. A London woman and man join forces to "liberate" the sea turtles in an aquarium. Unlikely material made captivating by reticently elegant execution. (3/10/86)

SK

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we hear the odd sound of the bowling before we see the reason. Margarita Lozano, who plays the woman, is chosen for the same reason as every other actor in the film: for a face that speaks before and after the voice.

"Moon Sickness" tells of the newlywed bride of a young farmer who now lives with him on a farm an hour from the nearest town. Twenty days after her marriage she discovers that, on the night of the full moon, the farmer is subject to murderous fits. He is sane all the rest of the time, and he proposes that her mother come and stay with her in the locked house, keeping him outside, on the full-moon nights. The mother proposes that a young man accompany her. The bride, who knows and desires the other young man, thinks she will have a chance for some lovemaking while the raving husband is, as requested, shut out. But, like all the tales, this one has a surprise ending that grows logically out of what we know. The husband, Claudio Bigagli, and the other man, a charmer named Massimo Bonetti, dominate the episode.

"The Jar" is a comic tale of conflicting prides. A local estate owner, Don Lollò, orders a huge jar, almost head high, in which to store olive oil. Soon after it arrives it cracks in half, and the don has to call in a humpbacked peasant to mend it. The mending leads to conflict between the two and the full satisfaction of neither.

The fourth story, "Requiem," is about a farm community's petition to the local baron for the right to its own cemetery, so that people won't have to carry their dead miles away to the nearest town. It's built on odd, harsh fact, but it's too long for what it has to say. The last section, called an epilogue, is "Conversation with Mother." Pirandello himself, played by a Taviani familiar, Omero Antonutti, returns from Rome to his Sicilian home after his mother's death and has a conversation with the revenant old woman. The episode is notable only for a bathing sequence, delicately photographed in the mother's reminiscence of her childhood.

Excepting the protractions in the editing, the Tavianis have directed exceptionally well. Their work has always had a strong theatrical component, but it has usually been hammy. Here the hamminess is restrained, and the restraint has changed that theatrical component from gilt to gold. The mother's fount of pain in "The Other Son," the don's corkscrewing pride in "The Jar" are dra-

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matized without Taviani underscoring. Their theater sense is best exercised in some of the long shots. In the first story, at the beginning of the flashback to Garibaldi days, we look down a long empty street in a town. At the far end, Garibaldi rides across from left to right, slowly, alone. Seconds later, some of his company follow, slowly. It is a quiet statement about morale. In "The Jar" there are many high shots of the don's entire large courtyard, with his peasants working or not working at various jobs—a ballet made out of dailiness. Pirandello's Sicily has brought out the best in the Taviani brothers from Pisa.

The greedy genius of Orson Welles.

THE WONDER BOY

BY JOHN LAHR

ORSON WELLES never wanted to be a star. He wanted to be a galaxy. His massive ambitions found their correlative in his body, which swelled up to 350 pounds. Welles burst onto the American scene at the age of 20 in 1935, and he was still charming the public, one way or another, at the time of his death at 70 last year. He was a great showman, lumbered finally with a reputation for genius. "You're talking about—alas some kind of legend," Welles said, giving one of his last and best performances to Barbara Leaming, his official biographer.

Legend is what Welles set out to create, and what he sustained right up to his death. A star is his own greatest invention: an amalgam of accomplishment and make-believe. A superb magician as well as director, Welles saw himself as a master of artifice. As early as 1940, Welles was presenting his magic tricks as "The Mercury Wonder Show"; he was, quite literally, the Wonder Boy. In films he made art out of his legend. "To live on my terms. These are the only terms anyone knows," toasts Charles Foster Kane, echoing the fallacy of romantic individualism that Welles's larger-than-life style also made sensational. Welles pronounced himself loudly to the world and insisted on defining himself for it. Until the last years of his life, when (perhaps sensing an ending) he gave a brilliant two-part interview to the BBC and collaborated on Leaming's fascinating biography, Welles had committed only one autobiographical statement to print.

John Lahr is the author most recently of *Automatic Vaudeville: Essays on Star Turns* (Knopf).

Even his official biography is built to Welles's requirements of myth. "There's no biography so interesting as one in which the biographer is present," Welles tells Barbara Leaming, who adopted his approach without realizing that this is the structure of legend, the structure, in part, of *Citizen Kane*. She tells about her attempts to contact the reclusive master: the unanswered letters, the catalog of false trails ("First you have to get to him"), the chance meeting, the testing, the fascinating revelations, and the upbeat fade-out as friends. Welles provided the grand finale, dying weeks before publication, making both the book and its official myth definitive.

Orson Welles: A Biography by Barbara Leaming (Viking, 608 pp., $19.95)

Orson Welles: The Rise and Fall of an American Genius by Charles Higham (St. Martin's Press, 373 pp., $19.95)

The Making of Citizen Kane by Robert L. Carringer (University of California Press, 180 pp., $22.50)

Welles's great theatrical characterizations are monsters of detachment and control: Kane, Doctor Faustus, Falstaff, the corrupt detective Hank Quinlan in *Touch of Evil*, Harry Lime in Graham Greene's *The Third Man* (to whose dialogue Welles contributed). The characters exhibit facets of Welles's own self-infatuation and lonely rapacity. In *Citizen Kane* Welles admits the secret of his isolation to the public while captivating the audience with it. The film begins and ends with the words NO TRESPASSING, the clue not only to Charles Foster Kane's pursuit of power, but also to Welles's.

HE WAS raised to see himself as separate from others. "The word *genius* was whispered into my ear the first thing I ever heard, while I was still mewling in my crib," said Welles, who was born May 6, 1915, the second son of Richard and Beatrice Welles, a wealthy patrician family already in decline. Richard Welles, the inventor of carbide lamps for bicycles and automobiles, sold off his business when the popular carbide model was challenged by the newfangled electrical one. "He was lost because he wasn't a multimillionaire," his son recalled, and therefore he lapsed into drink and travel. "He was born with more money than he had when he died, and to him, I believe, that was a great shame."

Welles's mother was lost for other reasons. A bright and strong-willed woman who was accomplished both as a pianist and a vocalist, Beatrice harbored artistic yearnings for a musical career in the provincial backwater of Kenosha, Wisconsin, where they lived. Their first son, Dickie, had already failed the family and been failed by it. Shy, stuttering, and slow to learn, Dickie did badly at private school, suffered severe mental problems, and became a drifter. Banished from the family, he was finally disinherited. Orson Welles remembered his father's hatred of Dickie and his reaction to the rumor that Dickie had been washed up dead on the banks of the Mississippi. "That's good. At least the family is rid of him." No wonder, then, that Richard and Beatrice projected so much of their frustrated ambition onto their second son, or that Orson understood early the terrible consequences of not living up to their expectations.

The young Welles was treated as a prodigy. By the age of ten, according to Welles, he was aware of a public. And the public was responding: "Cartoonist, Actor, Poet, and Only Ten" broadcast the headline of Welles's first press-cutting, in *The Madison Journal* (1926). He had long before become a performing workhorse in music, painting, and storytelling. "I always felt I was letting my parents down," he said. "That's why I worked so hard. That's the stuff that turned the motor." The situation was exacerbated by the Welleses' divorce. By then they were living in Chicago, where

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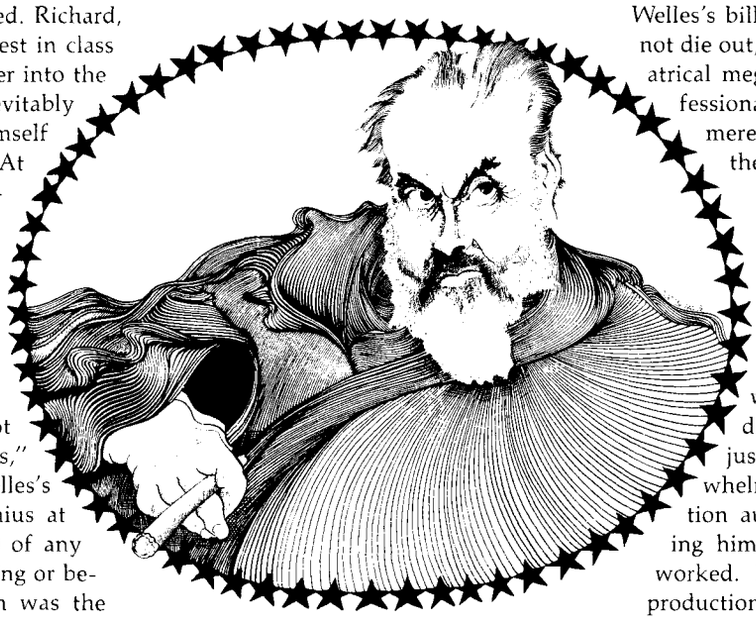
Beatrice had launched her musical career. To get any attention at all, Welles had to play by her salon rules: "children could be treated as adults as long as they were amusing. The moment you become boring, it's off to the nursery." So Orson Welles entertained, and the neurotic pattern of his life was set—to be loved he had to be fabulous. Welles lived his childhood like an adult, and his adulthood like a child.

"I was *taught* to be secure," Welles told Barbara Leaming, who lets the assumption go unchallenged on the page. But Welles's narcissism belies such security. Unable to get proper attention from his "cool" and "distant" parents, Welles became his own object of affection. When Welles was ten, Beatrice died. Richard, a philistine with more interest in class than culture, sunk yet deeper into the consolations of drink. Inevitably Welles retreated into himself and the omnipotence of art. At the beginning of the Depression, Welles was sent to the fancy Todd School in Illinois. He was distinguished by two things: his size (at 13 he was six feet tall and 180 pounds) and his isolation.

"Orson had no friends, not as you and I know friends," said Hascy Tarbox, Welles's competitor for resident genius at Todd. "He was totally void of any human relationship of needing or being needed." The exception was the head of the school, Roger "Skipper" Hill, whom Welles latched onto as a father figure and, typically, set out to charm with his audacious theatrical imagination. "I seduce actors," Welles explained. "Make them fall in love with me." He was playing the same manipulative games from the outset at Todd School, inveigling his way first into Skipper Hill's line of vision, then into his family. "Because I wanted to attract his attention and couldn't do so on the trampoline," Welles says of Hill, who was Welles's earliest theatrical collaborator and fan, "I encouraged dramatics where I thought I would be able to get the attention of this marvellous man with whom I was in love."

Welles's desire to please Hill eventually led to an estrangement between Welles and his drunken father, whom Orson refused to see unless he stopped boozing. Soon after this decision, Richard Welles died. "I've always *thought* I killed him," says Welles, who could never win his father's approval through acting. "I didn't think I was doing the right thing, that's why it's so inexcusable. I simply wanted to please the Hills. . . . I don't want to forgive myself. . . . I think if you're guilty of something you should live with it. Get rid of it—how can you get rid of it?" Welles never did.

At 16, while on a painting and writing holiday in Ireland, Welles conned his way onto the stage of Dublin's Abbey Theatre, claiming he'd worked for New York's prestigious Theater Guild. He played opposite Michael MacLiammoir in Lion Feuchtwanger's *Jew Süss*. Welles's rave reviews as the tyrannical Duke Alexander were broadcast as far as the *New York Times*. "It was an astonishing performance, wrong from beginning to end, but with all the qualities of fine acting tearing their way through the chaos of inexperience," wrote MacLiammoir of the "preposterous energy" of Welles's debut.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE

"Looks rather like the saga has begun," Welles wrote to Skipper Hill in 1933, after joining Katharine Cornell's touring company. But by 1936 his saga was being shared by the American public at large. Every medium seemed to succumb to his talents. On radio, Welles's resonant voice and proliferating imagination earned him $1,000 a week by 1935. He was not only acting and directing some of radio's most literate dramas, he was also the voice of mythic power—Lamont Cranston. "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" Welles rumbled each week. "The Shadow knows. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Welles understood the desire to be everywhere at once. Already married, he binged on food, work, and women. He made himself into an event. In order to sleep between assignments, he shuttled between radio and theater rehearsals (which could last 48 hours at a stretch) in an ambulance. Where his brother was a demented wastrel, Welles was living the flip side of madness: a demented overachiever. His reputation for genius was ensured by the boilerplate contract he signed with his collaborators in which he took credit for radio scripts written by others. "Written, produced, directed, and performed" was the wording of Welles's billing. "The old-time star did not die out," said Welles in 1939, a theatrical megastar after only three professional years on the job. "He merely sits in the fifth row and is the director."

"The essential," Welles said of directing, "is to excite the spectators. If that means playing Hamlet on a flying trapeze or in an aquarium, you do it." Presentation, not penetration, was Welles's great gift. His directorial impulse was not just to entertain, but to overwhelm. In making each production audacious, Welles was making himself sensational. The tactic worked. From his first New York production, the Negro Theater Project's *Voodoo Macbeth* in Harlem (1936, top ticket price 55 cents), Welles made headlines. Working 20 hours a day, alternately browbeating his cast ("When I shouted it was theater") and playing manna-giver by keeping his exhausted actors in food and drink around the clock at his own expense, Welles brought off a momentous production ranked by many first-night critics as one of the greatest openings in modern American theater history. The audience spontaneously mobbed the actors onstage at the finale, and the curtain could not fall. Welles, by his own admission, was "the King of Harlem"; and by the critics' admission was the new "savior" of the American theater, a situation Kaufman and Hart spoofed by writing the young upstart director into *The Fabulous Invalid*, their satire on the winded American theater.

With John Houseman as his coproducer first of Project 891 and then at the

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Mercury Theater, Welles mounted nine New York shows between 1936 and 1939. Welles's theater, in Kenneth Tynan's words, was "pure theatrical megalomania." Welles missed no opportunity to astonish. In *Horse Eats Hat* (1936), Welles had actors variously in the aisles, falling into the orchestra pit, playing a trumpet voluntary from a mezzanine box, and swinging from a wayward chandelier. His *Doctor Faustus*—a more streamlined and somber extravaganza—emphasized Faust's magic with trapdoors and innovative lighting, making it seem as if the actors appeared out of nowhere. (By dressing actors in black velvet so they were not visible downstage behind the bold lighting effects, Welles conjured the sight of flying beef and cardinal hats.) Welles's modern-dress *Julius Caesar*, done on a series of platforms with "Nuremberg lighting," drew powerful connections between Shakespeare's political melodrama and the rise of fascism in Europe. BARD BOFFOLA headlined *Variety*, typical of the wild enthusiasm that greeted Welles's show.

But by far the most famous play of the Mercury's memorable first season was Marc Blitzstein's left-wing musical *The Cradle Will Rock* (1937). If the curtain never fell on Welles's *Voodoo Macbeth*, it never rose on Blitzstein's socialist musical. Under political pressure from Congress, WPA funds for the show were withdrawn on the eve of its premiere. The theater was locked to prevent Welles from opening. "If they hadn't locked the theater, I would never have taken such a strong stand," says Welles, who scrapped his production and overnight found a new venue for the show and a new way to stage it. "The padlock was an insult." The show became a cause célèbre. When it opened, Blitzstein was at the piano and the actors joined in singing from the audience. Welles once again made headlines for his production, and earned for himself the solid-gold images of political as well as artistic rebel.

IN FACT, at 22, Welles was an idealist with a chauffeur. His dynamism was always strangely conservative. When, in 1938, his bold radio adaptation of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds* created a national panic followed by public outrage, Welles cried in front of news cameras. There was nothing more humiliating for an enfant terrible than being a rebel without applause.

According to Charles Higham, another recent Welles biographer, in his three years of New York theater Welles had already pushed the medium "beyond Meyerhold and even the Moscow Art Theater." But Meyerhold and Stanislavsky were theatrical pathfinders, committed to a lifelong process of discovery and growth. Welles was committed only to himself. Welles's theater, for all its flamboyance, was safe. As Harold Clurman points out in *The Fervent Years*, "it treaded on no toes but rather kicked the seat of plays and traditions for which our reverence is more advertised than real."

WELLES entered Hollywood in 1939 with a sweetheart three-picture deal that guaranteed him $100,000 a film and final cut. This extraordinary autonomy was owed to Welles's reputation as a wunderkind. "Orson has become a public figure only less frequently and massively projected into the news and the national consciousness than Franklin D. Roosevelt, N. Chamberlain and A. Hitler," Houseman wrote to composer Virgil Thompson, announcing the news of "one of the most magnificent contracts ever granted an artist." Welles approached film with typical curiosity and cunning. "You have to hate the camera and regard it as detestable," Welles told Barbara Leaming. "Like Simon Legree with a slave, you have to whip it through a movie and not approach it on your knees."

There was nothing subservient about Welles's first film, *Citizen Kane*. But Robert L. Carringer's excellent and comprehensive study examines the contributions of each creative department and gives credit where credit is due, something that Welles himself was never mature enough to do. Far from detracting from Welles's accomplishment, the book's account of the enormous technical undertaking attests to two of Welles's outstanding directorial qualities: his intellectual range, and his ability to turn a production into an adventure. Welles encouraged his staff to depart from traditional studio solutions. Their discoveries contribute to the boldness and delight of the final product. Gregg Toland's deep-focus cinematography, optical effects such as the in-camera dissolve, and wide-angle lenses, all allowed Welles to adapt the Mercury actors' theatrical style to the cinema. Depth of field simulated stage space, and long takes allowed the actors to play out scenes continuously, while keeping their stagy mannerisms well hidden by the absence of close-ups. Toland combined with Perry Ferguson to create the atmospheric lighting; Ferguson developed the optical trick of masking the empty spaces in Kane's Great Hall with black velvet, thus not only giving the set a sense of depth but allowing the eye to read more than it actually saw.

Carringer shows conclusively, moreover, that Welles intended to take sole credit for the Herman Mankiewicz script; and that when Welles took over the script on the third draft, he deepened the characters and structure, adding the verbal and visual polish (the breakfast scene, the newspaper montage) that gives the film its epic dimension. Mankiewicz, however, did get the last laugh when he and Welles won the Academy Award for best screenplay, the first and last time Welles shared a film credit. "You can kiss my half," Welles wrote to Mankiewicz after *Citizen Kane*, a box-office flop despite being "the most highly praised film in cinema history," failed to win any other Oscars. Mankiewicz replied: "You wouldn't know your half from a whole in the ground."

FILM allowed Welles to merge a new technology with his personal myth. His first appearance as Kane is significantly both an innovative in-camera dissolve and an allusion to "War of the Worlds." Says Kane, "Don't believe what you hear on the radio." The character was ostensibly based on William Randolph Hearst, but Welles wasn't the only one to see a connection between the mogul's and Welles's own brand of imperialism. "The deeper we penetrated beyond the public events of Charles Foster Kane," wrote Houseman, who was looking after the mercurial Mankiewicz in the early drafts of the script, "the closer we seemed to come to the identity of Orson Welles. Orson knew this." Like Kane, Welles had an intrusive guardian, a traumatic separation from his family, an inheritance, and the firm belief that he could do what the hell he wanted in life, including hold public office. This autobiographical overlap, plus Welles's curiosity about the medium and himself, gives the movie a fascination and density that Welles could never completely capture again. Hearst first tried to stop the film from being shown, then shrugged it off in his newspapers. The reason Hearst hated the film, Welles told director Jonathan Lynn, was that "it showed Hearst as a failure. That was the only criticism he couldn't bear." Neither

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could Welles, who once said: "Never let them see you making a mistake."

FAME, which glorifies the omnipotence of the invented self, diminishes the authentic one; it is literally self-destructive. As a star turn, Welles lived his adult life in this state of impoverishment. "Sometimes *he's* out there," Welles told Barbara Leaming, speaking of his public persona from which he felt split off. "And I don't know who he is." Leaming describes this alienation as "Brechtian" rather than pathological; but Welles's self-destructiveness is something he attempted to fathom, to exploit, and finally to rationalize in his films.

Citizen Kane is the most profound exploration of the subject, but Welles embodied the idea in many other films. His Michael O'Hara, the Irish sailor suckered into Rita Hayworth's plot to kill her husband in *The Lady from Shanghai* (1947), makes self-destructiveness lovable when he shrugs it off in the film's opening lines: "When I start out to make a fool of myself, there's nothing to stop me." A decade later the same impulse takes the form of self-loathing in the brilliant grossness of Welles's Hank Quinlan in *Touch of Evil* (1958). "You're a mess, baby," Marlene Dietrich tells the obese Quinlan, an image of putrefaction in a panama hat, at the beginning of the film, only to forgive him his trespasses at the finale. "What can you say about anybody? He was some kind of man." Welles, who wanted to make a film that justified Judas, tries to justify Quinlan: the guy he frames turns out to be the person who committed the crime. Quinlan, like Welles, is just another man done in by his impatience with the system. In *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942), the film that began Welles's reputation for overspending and obduracy, Welles used Booth Tarkington's story to brood over his own arrogance and isolation, which leads the young George Minafer to a "comeuppance" that Welles both feared and, I think, profoundly wanted.

Welles was certainly equal to Minafer in his capacity for riding roughshod over people. "Don't mind if he's rude," wrote an RKO executive to the publicist in Rio where Welles vainly tried to launch a few films after *The Magnificent Ambersons*.

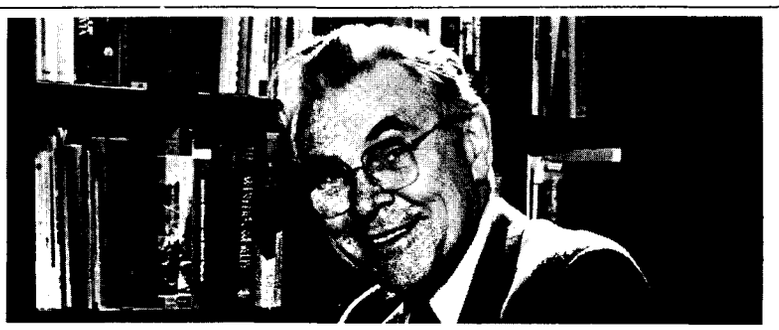
> He regards it as a time-saving expedient. You will find it difficult to get a logical answer from him about what he is going to do. He trusts always his genius and/or charm to get him out of any situation. Sometimes the irresistible force meets the unmoveable object. At such times, go into a bomb shelter.

Welles considered the film a "semi-classic" butchered into nonsense by the studio. He was stabbed in the back because he was looking the wrong way.

In Welles's determination to assert his genius—in *Ambersons* he contrives cinema's only *spoken* credit—he chose, as Carringer points out, "to dispense with the services of a screenwriting professional." As a result, the Minafer saga is woefully disjointed not only thanks to the studio editing, but thanks to Welles's rambling narrative. "Writing was a particularly sensitive region to Orson's ego," writes Houseman in *Run Through*. "His ability to push a dramatic situation far beyond its normal level of tension made him a great director but an inferior dramatist. His story sense was erratic and disorganized; whenever he strayed outside the solid structure of someone else's work he ended in formless confusion."

The Lady from Shanghai amply proves Houseman's point. Written as a vehicle for himself and Rita Hayworth, wife number two, the movie is a formless mess with no tension, no disciplined plot, no characterization, no ideas. Still, Welles tells his tale of murder and manipulation with great technical panache. The famous fun-house scene, with Welles tumbling down a slide into a hall of mirrors where the protagonists try to murder each other in a maze of their own reflections, is as brilliant as it is arbitrary. There is less to the moment than meets the eye. Welles's films are about presentation, not about ideas. *Citizen Kane* is a brilliant piece of theatrical filmmaking, but a shallow political analysis of Hearst's activities. *Touch of Evil*, a terrific yarn, tells the viewer very little about evil, while providing Welles with a good part and plenty of opportunity for Grand Guignol story-telling.

But when Welles combined his original visual imagination with great writing, as he did in *Chimes at Midnight* (1963), his adaptation of Shakespeare's Falstaff-Prince Hal story, the result was extraordinary. Welles had the ability to seize upon a historical detail (like the sight of knights in armor being winched onto their horses for battle) and to transform it into revealing dramatic spectacle.



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William H. McNeill

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Falstaff, under his enormous weight, snaps the rope and clatters to the ground. He's forced to waddle into the battle of Shrewsbury—light relief in long shot amid one of the most somber and brilliant combat scenes ever filmed. The steaming horses, the fierce hand-to-hand fighting, the dying soldiers caked in mud and piled together like carcasses are a powerful evocation of war's futility.

And in Shakespeare's complex characterization of Falstaff, a combination of poignancy and great comic poetry, Welles could most brazenly admit himself. Like Falstaff, Welles had a good line on sexual bravado ("I was in Hollywood during the war. No competition. There's nobody I missed"), and bohemian charm. An expatriate in Europe since 1947, Welles had acquired both Falstaff's bulk and his reputation for wasted nobility. Falstaff, like Welles, has a talent for distraction that leads to his spiritual downfall. No wonder that Welles's interpretation is so shrewd and touching, exhibiting an articulate energy missing in his depiction of tragic heroes. (Welles's *Macbeth* (1948) and *Othello* (1952)—even the loyal Tynan dubbed the latter "Citizen Coon"—are very disappointing.) But Falstaff's comic stature and Welles's personal myth neatly coalesce. Both were victims of appetite and lost promise, living off their wits to promote their schemes; and both were trapped in a perpetual noisy show of self.

WELLES left America at 32. By then he'd divorced Rita Hayworth, turned his back on a political career, seen his greatest film flop at the box office and another blighted by studio intervention. He couldn't (or wouldn't) fit easily into the Hollywood system, and he followed Alexander Korda to England to make movies. "He cost me years of my life, and I can't hold a minute against him," Welles said of the producer, "because every time he would start to dream he not only sold me, but I knew he'd sold himself."

Welles was still hustling in 1975, when he used the occasion of the American Film Institute's Life Achievement Award Ceremony to show clips from *Other Side of the Wind*, one of his many legendary but uncompleted projects. (Others include *The Deep* and *Don Quixote*.) Welles ended his life as an unfinished artist, advertising Paul Masson wine and taking bows on the Johnny Carson show, where, as a great raconteur, he could make his incomplete work perfect in the telling. In public he masked his bitterness behind philosophical detachment. But when, in 1970, he was awarded an Oscar for lifetime achievement, he thumbed his nose at Hollywood, claiming to be "out of state" for the ceremony and watching it from his Laurel Canyon house. Although it is possible to sympathize with Welles's battle against studio mediocrity, one gets some idea of what the movie executives were up against when, even on his best behavior for his official biographer, Welles could say: "I am the absolute technical master of the medium. I have no shame saying that. So if people say something doesn't work, they don't know any better."

"Everyone needs ten biographies," Welles said. The two on Welles just published picture him on their book jackets preserved in the aspic of youth. Higham's book is ill-written and often inane in its social and critical observations. Leaming's biography is as capacious and wily as her subject. She has done her research. Leaming has also, in the process, done some of Welles's special pleading. Welles was an irresponsible parent, a faithless husband, a capricious friend, a tyrannical artist. Yet Leaming lets Welles's children and women, especially Countess Mori (wife number three) and Welles's mistress Olga Kadar, disappear from the biography without bearing proper witness.

Biography, as Welles shrewdly shows in the penultimate image of *Citizen Kane*, is nothing but the collected pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Leaming has put these pieces, gathered both from Welles's selective memory and from her own sleuthing, into elegant shape. "I wanted my Welles," she says in a jejune aside, "to be the true Welles." Yet she is unable to face the monster in Welles. Having gained access to the great man, she is sometimes incapable of separating his sense from his nonsense. She passes no judgment on the "fun" of a drunken Welles throwing all his furniture off a fourth-floor patio onto the streets of Rio. "He was neither vulgar nor tyrannical nor exploitative," she writes of Welles's romance with Rita Hayworth, which had the incidental virtue of keeping his name in front of the public when his films couldn't. Leaming cannot deliver the man, only the humanized image. But the whole performance of Welles's celebrity was a means of not dealing with his emotions. What was real about Orson Welles was that he was a mystery to himself.

Tynan called Welles "a genius without portfolio." But Welles was no genius, in any rigorous use of the word. "I would be proud to be known as a great magician though I never will be," Welles said in one of his last interviews. Perhaps that best describes what he was: a conjurer of astonishments. But the rise and the frustration of his talents aren't the crucial elements in Welles's story. The real poignancy of his life must be read between the lines of all his romances of individualism. He was a man who had knowledge but not wisdom, charm but not compassion, fervor but not love.

21 YEARS LATER

Family and Nation
by Daniel Patrick Moynihan

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 224 pp., $12.95)

Senator Moynihan's title for the 1985 Godkin Lectures at Harvard University is adapted from a famous book by Alva Myrdal, a formidable social scientist and policy professional and the late wife of the Swedish economist. The Myrdals were theorists and partial architects of the Swedish welfare state created in the wake of the Great Depression. In America, as Moynihan notes in his opening pages, the New Deal lost its congressional majority in 1938, and not until Lyndon Johnson's landslide election in 1964 did it once again become possible seriously to consider, even to enact, far-reaching new measures of social policy. It was then that Moynihan first broached the issue of a "national family policy," drawing on his work on the relation between unemployment

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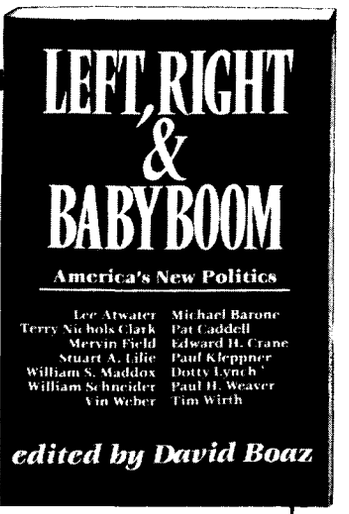
and poverty, done in the Department of Labor during the Kennedy administration. His new book is essentially a record of what has been proposed and what has been done, and especially of what has not been done, by the federal government since the mid-1960s in response to the plight of increasing numbers of children in poor and particularly in broken or single-parent families.

Moynihan is fully aware of what his friend and former colleague Nathan Glazer has called "the limits of social policy." The ring of optimism in "the professionalization of reform," the phrase that Moynihan once used as the title of an influential article, is decidedly absent from the present text. Still, his sharp sense of the immense gulf between what social research can reliably tell us about social problems and what policy-making can do toward alleviating or eliminating them has not led Moynihan to a quiescent or despairing conservatism. Perhaps this is no surprise; despite having been regarded as a leading "neoconservative," Moynihan is now, after all, a Democratic senator from New York confronting a Republican administration pledged to cut back the welfare state and radically reduce the role of government in general.

BY NOW just about everybody agrees that Moynihan was right in his famous (and much vilified) report of 21 years ago that contended that the breakdown of the black family was a serious barrier to racial equality. Liberals and conservatives, academic social scientists and politicians, feminists and black spokesmen unite today in deploring the worsening situation reflected in the "feminization of poverty"; a rising illegitimate birthrate, especially among teenage girls, and a high divorce rate have created ever more economically vulnerable female-headed households. They also agree that these conditions are particularly acute among blacks, though by no means confined to them. The family, in fact, has become something of a political fashion. Mario Cuomo's stirring speech to the Democratic Convention in San Francisco found an echo in Ronald Reagan's State of the Union address last month, in which the president reported, with a cozy Hollywood metaphor, that "family and community are the costars of this great American comeback."

All disagree, of course, about causes and remedies. Moynihan ends his first

Babyboom Politics: The Future Is Now



Are baby boomers liberal, conservative, or something else? How will they change the political system? Is the liberal-conservative spectrum still meaningful? These questions and more are considered in this pathbreaking book by Lee Atwater, Michael Barone, David Boaz, Pat Caddell, Edward H. Crane, William Schneider, Rep. Vin Weber, Rep. Tim Wirth, and other leading political analysts. **$6.95, 119 pp.**

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chapter, which documents growing doubts (including his own) about the effectiveness of social policy since the salad days of the 1960s, with an ironic citation of Charles Murray's supremely confident proclamation that his own proposal for ending hard-core unemployment and the breakup of poor families will work. Murray proposes to abolish all existing federal support programs—in effect to abandon any and all social policies designed specifically to aid the poor. (In fairness to Murray, it must be noted that he has withdrawn unemployment insurance from the original hit list cited by Moynihan. Thank heaven for little favors.)

MOYNIHAN proceeds to confront Murray's argument directly. Murray's *Losing Ground*, he notes, has been treated by the Reagan administration "as a kind of court order enjoining the pursuit of social policy in the precincts of the U.S. Capitol." Moynihan acknowledges that Murray has written "a responsible, meticulous work" animated by a genuine concern for the poor who have been the targets of social policy. Indeed, Murray's experience as a social scientist engaged in "evaluation research" on the effects of government programs has been fairly typical: it has led to progressive disillusionment with such programs. Most evaluation research ends up confirming the "null hypothesis" that the program (or "variable") has no measurable effect on the situation it aims to change. But this hypothesis, Moynihan correctly observes, should also apply to the unintended negative effects of government programs, including Murray's bold claim that antipoverty programs have actually perpetuated and even increased poverty. In this respect *Losing Ground* "merely continues the practice in Washington of making large assertions with no foundations."

The degree to which the reformers of the 1960s cherished unrealistic expectations has been grossly exaggerated in retrospect, according to Moynihan. Most of them, including Lyndon Johnson, were primarily concerned to extend the general social insurance entitlements of the New Deal, with the addition of Medicare and Medicaid, rather than to launch new anti-poverty initiatives based on applied social science. But if "for all the sound and fury—not all that much happened" in the years of the Great Society, Reagan distorts the truth with his dictum that "in the war on poverty, poverty won." Moynihan is careful to note the modest successes of such antipoverty programs as Head Start and job training for women on Aid to Families with Dependent Children. But by far the most dramatic success of the reformist impulse of the 1960s and early 1970s must be the expanded general entitlement programs of Social Security and Medicare: the virtual elimination of poverty among the elderly, which is probably an unprecedented historical achievement.

It is ironic that the abolition of poverty in the closing years of life should have coincided with the enormous increase in the poverty of those just beginning their lives. Preschool children are now six times more likely to be poor than the elderly, and the gap is increasing as the proportion of female-headed households increases—thanks to the growing number of teenage unwed mothers and of families broken by divorce and desertion. Thus we are brought back to Moynihan's old idea of a "family policy."

BY "family policy" he does not mean any specific set of measures designed to induce teenagers to practice chastity or birth control and to convince married couples to stay together. No one, certainly not federal bureaucrats, knows how to do that. But a variety of government policies already affects the family; some of them contribute to the conditions that create female-headed households mired in poverty, although these effects are unintended and too easily overlooked. Moynihan calls for attention to enforcement of narcotics laws and control of international drug traffic, tax exemptions for dependents, abortion laws, provision of family planning services, and enforcement of child support by fathers. He concludes that

> family policy is no one's business at present. . . . the policy is . . . implicit and the only question is whether it is to be avowed. It was implicit in the tax code, in the budget, in child-support practices. But being no one's business, for the longest time no one noticed.

Why couldn't there be some government body, as there apparently is in Britain and Australia, to assess the impact of the full range of policies on the family? Moynihan declines to go beyond this modest suggestion. Recognizing the mounting concern with the condition of the family in America, however, he does express a guarded optimism that liberals and conservatives might come together in a common recognition that, as he puts it in the book's final sentence, "the future of a society may be forecast by how it cares for its young."

Once burned, twice shy, Moynihan is understandably cagey about the particular black experience of broken families and children born out of wedlock; he goes so far as to assert that "by the mid-1980's, it was clear that family disorganization had become a general feature of the American population and not just an aspect of a frequently stigmatized and appropriately sensitive minority community." More than once he recalls that 20 years ago he explicitly equated the conditions of black family life with those of "the wild Irish slums of the nineteenth-century eastern seaboard," which did not save him from the charge of "racism." As an elected officeholder concerned with federal social policy, Moynihan is perhaps well advised to play down the special circumstances of the black underclass, especially in view of the current backlash against policies such as affirmative action and busing that have been primarily intended to benefit blacks. Still, one does pick up in his discussion a feeling of genuine alarm about the special situation of the blacks in urban ghettos.

ALTHOUGH he generally sticks close to the practical concerns of policy and the data directly relevant to them, toward the end of his last chapter Moynihan adduces the anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski's "principle of legitimacy" and William J. Goode's more recent reformulation of it. This principle asserts the cultural universality of the rule that every child brought into the world must have a male (not necessarily the biological father) to stand in a relation of guardian and protector to it. Illegitimate birthrates have risen among all groups since the 1960s, including middle-class whites; but they have gone up most sharply among blacks. Only among blacks have illegitimate births risen to levels of half or more of all births, so that, in the words of a study cited by Moynihan, "marriage is almost a forgotten institution among black teens. . . . The adolescent single mother was the exception in the black community of the 1950's. Today, she is the rule." Only among blacks, therefore, can it be claimed that the principle of legitimacy itself may no longer hold.

Goode noted some time ago that the Caribbean and the American South have

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a history of high illegitimacy rates, although he argued that this did not invalidate the principle of legitimacy so long as marriage remained the preferred alternative. The principle merely asserts a rule or a norm that may or may not be lived up to by a majority in a particular community. Goode did not fail to note the prevalence of the "matrifocal" family in areas where blacks had once been enslaved. Moynihan, drawing primarily on the work of the black sociologist E. Franklin Frazier, stressed this connection in his report of 1965.

The issue has been fiercely debated by historians and social scientists. In his account of the circumstances under which he wrote his report for the Johnson administration, Moynihan, citing Kenneth Clark, mentions the gradual dissociation of welfare dependency from employment, suggesting that a point had been reached at which social disorganization had become self-sustaining. Presumably this did not happen, or at least not to the same degree, among the "wild Irish" and other 19th-century immigrant groups. But Moynihan does little to disentangle these various causal suggestions. Their direct relevance to remedial federal action is by no means apparent, anyway. As a politician and a reformer, Moynihan properly avoids being drawn into "deeper" historical or sociological interpretations of the pathologies of the black ghettos.

The senator's oratorical and histrionic gifts are well known. There can be little doubt that these lectures successfully held the interest of his Cambridge audience. He was surely well aware that many people in the audience were unlikely to attend all three lectures, which accounts for a calculated repetitiveness in his presentation. The oral presentation also explains the absence of tables and graphs showing trend lines, despite the frequency with which statistics are invoked; I was mildly surprised to discover how sorely I missed those less than lively graphics. As a text, the lectures make fairly dense reading, and sometimes seem to circle around their major themes, forever mustering additional batteries of statistics and quoting new authorities.

Still, Moynihan's book is an invaluable primer on the recent history of anti-poverty programs as well as on the new forms of poverty that have come to afflict large numbers of Americans. His own long involvement in the matters he discusses, and his talent for the telling anecdote, often help bring the subject to life. One dares to hope that *Family and Nation* may get things moving again in the realm of social policy, at least in the post-Reagan years ahead.

DENNIS WRONG

Dennis Wrong is professor of sociology at New York University.

FEMINISM'S PHANTOMS

The Handmaid's Tale
by Margaret Atwood

(Houghton Mifflin, 311 pp., $16.95)

The feminist imagination has been far more productive of utopias (from Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *Herland* to Marge Piercy's *Woman on the Edge of Time*) than of dystopias, and for good reason. Almost every thinkable insult to women has been tested and institutionalized at one time or another: foot-binding, witch-burning, slavery, organized rape, ritual mutilation, enforced childbearing, enforced chastity, and the mere denial of ordinary rights to own property, speak out in public, or walk down a street without fear. For misogynist nastiness, it is hard to improve on history.

Yet there has been no shortage of paranoid folklore about what the future may hold for women. Since the early 1970s, one important strand of feminist thought (usually called "cultural" or "radical" feminist) has tended to see all of history as a male assault on women and, by proxy, on nature itself. Hence rape, hence acid rain, hence six-inch high heels, hence the arms race, hence (obviously) the scourge of pornography. Extrapolating from this miserable record, cultural feminists have foreseen women

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being driven back to servitude as breeders and scullery maids, or else, when reproductive technology is refined enough to make wombs unnecessary, being eliminated altogether. The alternative, they believe, is to create a "women's culture," envisioned as intrinsically loving, nurturing, and in harmony with nature—before we are all destroyed by the toxic effects of testosterone.

MARGARET Atwood's new novel is being greeted as the long-awaited feminist dystopia, and I am afraid that for some time it will be viewed as a test of the imaginative power of feminist paranoia. Is Atwood's brave new world really so bad? Is it as ingeniously awful as *1984*? And, by implication, are the fears—or for that matter, the concerns—of feminism worth taking all that seriously? Atwood's book has, for better or worse, taken the most obvious route from here to hell: the Moral Majority, or some group of similar persuasion, has taken over the United States, extirpated the printed word, hunted down the heretics, and established a medieval-style theocracy that is almost as boring, in a day-to-day sense, as it is grisly.

It is not only women who are in trouble in the new Christian nation. The "Children of Ham" are being relocated from the cities to their new "homeland" in North Dakota. Jews have been packed aboard ships supposedly headed for Israel. It's open season on Catholics, Quakers, former abortionists, and "gender traitors" (male homosexuals), all of whom are likely to end up hung from hooks on the wall that runs along the city of Gilead. But women are in a particularly tight spot. Some combination of plagues and toxic waste has decimated the human gene pool, so that women who may still have the potential to bear children have been pressed into service as full-time breeders, or "handmaids." A handmaid's job is to service a "Commander" and, indirectly, his usually sterile, aging wife, in a lewd little ménage à trois justified by the scriptural arrangement between the childless Rachel and her maid Bilhah.

What we see through the eyes of the handmaid narrator, Offred (of-Fred, her current Commander), is mostly the narrow household in which she must mate, once a month, and wait passively for signs of pregnancy. The real power in the household lies with the regally blue-robed Wife, who was in the old days, we are pleased to learn, a celebrated right-wing evangelical TV personality, and is now festering with resentment at a world in which women are barred from any visible public role. There are also two servants, generically called "Hannahs" and consigned to dull green outfits, and a cocky chauffeur called Nick, who may or may not be an "Eye," a spy for the central authorities, whoever they are. And, as in *1984*, there is a resistance movement, which Offred learns of through a handmaid in a neighboring household; but, also as in *1984*, the only truly subversive force appears to be love. Fred, the bumbling, wistful Commander, falls in love with Offred, who in turn falls for the inscrutable Nick.

IT IS NOT the plot, however, or even the novel social setting, which accounts for the peculiar grip of *The Handmaid's Tale*. Atwood has woven a fantasy of regression that is almost as seductive, in a perverse way, as it is repellent. Offred had been a happy yuppie in "the time before," with a husband, a daughter, a job, money to spend, decisions to make, and of course, a name of her own. Now her only responsibility is to conceive; otherwise it is to sit quietly and stare out through a window of shatterproof glass. There is not much to think about except the time of the month and the next meal, which will invariably feature soft bland offerings like canned pears and milk. Offred cries a lot and lives in fear of finding her erstwhile husband hanging from a hook on the wall, but when she is finally contacted by the resistance, she is curiously uninterested. She has sunk too far into the incestuous little household she serves—just as the reader, not without intermittent spasms of resistance, sinks into the deepening masochism of her tale.

My own resistance came from wanting to know more about this nightmare world, much more than Offred cares to find out. As a dystopia, this is a thinly textured one; and it is hard to know whether to blame the author or the narrator, who is forced, after all, into a kind of tunnel vision by the wimple she must wear along with her red handmaid's uniform. Offred spends a lot of time on aimless mental word games: "I sit in the chair and think about the word *chair*. It can also mean the leader of a meeting. It can also mean a mode of execution. It is the first syllable in *charity*," and so forth.

Maybe this is how people think when they are depressed and have nothing to read. Still, one yearns for a narrator with a little anthropological imagination. Who's in charge here? Is there still a central government? The consumer culture has been almost obliterated, but has capitalism itself been routed by the fundamentalists? And if printed matter is illegal, what do they do without operating manuals for the cars and computers that are still very much in use? Yet when Offred finally rouses herself to put a question to the Commander, all she can come up with is a weak request to know "whatever there is to know. . . . What's going on."

BUT if Offred is a sappy stand-in for Winston Smith, and Gilead seems at times to be only a coloring book version of Oceania, it may be because Atwood means to do more than scare us about the obvious consequences of a Falwellian coup d'état. There is a subtler argument at work in *The Handmaid's Tale*, and it is as intellectually interesting as the fictional world she has housed it in. We are being warned, in this tale, not only about the theocratic ambitions of the religious right, but about a repressive tendency in feminism itself. Only on the surface is Gilead a fortress of patriarchy, Old Testament style. It is also, in a thoroughly sinister and distorted way, the utopia of cultural feminism.

There is, for example, no pornography in the new world (even the Bible is kept under lock and key); there are no cosmetics or other artifices to insult the natural female form, and the punishment for rape is to be torn to bits by a mob of women. Men, including physicians, have been barred from the scene of childbirth, which is now assisted by a ritual circle of chanting handmaids. In the Red Center where handmaids are trained for service, the presiding "Aunts" indoctrinate their charges in a twisted proto-feminist ideology: women were once subject to hideous abuse by men, but now they are "free" from all that, while men have been reduced, for all practical purposes, to stud service. Aunt Lydia even offers oblique praise for the more separatist feminists of our own time, and dreams of a future in which "Women will live in harmony with each other . . . Women united for a common end!" The irony is not lost on Offred, whose own mother had been something of a feminist termagant, fond of pornographic book burnings. "You wanted a women's culture," Offred thinks, addressing her mother. "Well, now there is one. It isn't what you meant, but it exists."

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Revolutionaries seldom do get exactly what they want, but at least with *The Handmaid's Tale* we stand warned. There *has* been an ominous convergence between some of the ideas of the antifeminist right and those of the cultural feminist militants. The antifeminists would like to get us all back to the kitchen, but they are also responsible for some of the most strident female supremacist literature to come out of the last two decades' gender wars. (See, for example, Phyllis Schlafly's *The Power of the Positive Woman*.) The cultural feminists, for their part, would like women to be free agents in the public sphere, but other feminists argue that their views on sex may be ultimately repressive to women. On the issue of pornography, the two sides appear to agree wholeheartedly, although just what it is, and whether it might even be defined to include a thoroughly feminist nightmare like *The Handmaid's Tale*, no one can say.

This tale is an absorbing novel, as well as an intra-feminist polemic. Still, it does remind us that, century after century, women have been complicit in their own undoing. Like the sadistic Aunts in *The Handmaid's Tale*, it was women who bound their granddaughters' feet, women who turned over their little girls for clitoridectomies, and often even women who denounced their neighbors as witches. In the long sorry story of human cruelty and pillage, women are actors as well as victims, even when, like Offred, we choose to turn our backs and burrow into the narrow world of daily life. We can do better—we *have* to do better, because that hard rain or toxic waste will fall not only on those who conspired to torture nature, but on those who merely swooned and simpered.

BARBARA EHRENREICH

Barbara Ehrenreich is the author of *The Hearts of Men* (Anchor).

UP FROM ALBANY

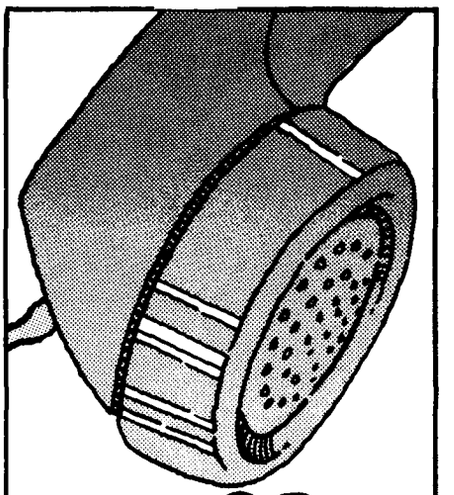
FDR: The New York Years, 1928-1933
by Kenneth S. Davis

(Random House, 512 pp., $19.95)

"Nobody in public life since T. R. has been so buoyantly and blatantly healthy as [Franklin D. Roosevelt]," wrote Brain Truster Raymond Moley in the spring of 1932. Even his "complete freedom from dogmatism" was a virtue, at least at that stage of the campaign. This engrossing second volume of Kenneth S. Davis's life of Franklin D. Roosevelt affirms and amplifies Moley's observations.

As the prizewinning first volume, *The Beckoning of Destiny*, demonstrated, Davis is not only an engaging writer, but an accomplished biographer and a discriminating student of history. Synthesis for him is hardly a synonym for summarization; and though he draws heavily on the published work of Frank Friedel and other scholars and memoirists, he puts his own imprimatur on page after page. To a penchant for point, counterpoint, and a sharp eye for nuance, he brings an informed interest in ideas and a rare facility for relating them to politics and personality. This is the most compelling characterization of Roosevelt yet published.

The central theme is FDR's relentless drive for the presidency of the United States during his four years as governor of New York. Two chapters ask whether he was tough enough to be president ("A Highly Qualified 'Yes' "), and two others proclaim that the genesis of the New Deal lay in the governorship. A fascinating exploration of the "brain trust" focuses on Adolf A. Berle Jr.'s analysis of the corporate world (long on diagnosis and short on prescription). A final section recounts the familiar and infuriating story of Roosevelt's and Herbert Hoover's medicine ball politics during the interregnum. (Davis faults FDR for irresponsibility and Hoover for arrogance.) Included is a graphic account of the attempt to assassinate the president-elect in Miami and, especially, of his comportment afterward. ("I have never in my life seen anything more magnificent," wrote Moley.)



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Deft vignettes of dozens of secondary figures such as Louis M. Howe, Missy LeHand, and Grace Tully enrich the story, as do portraits of Eleanor Roosevelt and FDR's predecessor in the State House, Alfred E. Smith. The wounded Eleanor is portrayed with sympathy, understanding, and a minimum of sentimentalism. Davis quotes her bleak remark after her husband's death: "I was one of those who served his purposes." He observes that she learned to use him as he used her. And he reveals that her fear of being confined to the White House as a ceremonial "first lady" impelled her, in one uncontrollable moment, to threaten to divorce FDR and run off with her state trooper bodyguard. Meanwhile Al Smith proved so reluctant to give up power that he made arrangements to live indefinitely in an Albany hotel following Roosevelt's inauguration in January 1929. This, as Davis wryly phrases it, "in order to 'help' the untried new governor."

One of *The New York Years'* most powerful impressions is that of FDR in control—of himself, of his advisers, and in a sense, of his destiny. He defied intimates, including Howe, by running for governor in 1928. He refused to bring Smith's strong-minded lieutenants, Robert Moses and Belle Moskowitz, into his inner circle. And he appointed Frances Perkins industrial commissioner against the counsel of Smith, who felt that a woman could not do the job. "By God . . . ," the erstwhile Happy Warrior complained in the fall of 1931, "he has never consulted me about a damn thing since he has been Governor." Only once or twice in these four years did Roosevelt show any inner doubt. "I'm just afraid I may not have the strength to do this job," he remarked as his son James lifted him into bed the night of his election to the presidency. "After you leave me tonight, Jimmy, I am going to pray. . . . I hope you will pray for me, too, Jimmy."

Despite his broadly affirmative tone, Davis unsparingly censures the ebullient politician who dominates his pages. He terms FDR's renunciation of the League of Nations in 1932 an act of "abject capitulation" to William Randolph Hearst, which it surely was. He marks Roosevelt's "inclination toward deviousness, or at any rate against forthrightness." And he flatly asserts, in a commentary on his lack of generosity to Jim Farley and others, that he always was "something of an ingrate." Conversely, he calls attention to FDR's stubbornly honorable strain and writes warmly of his frequent acts of courage. He even gives an element of the heroic to Roosevelt's reluctant decision to remove Mayor Jimmy Walker, who resigned just as FDR made up his mind. "So you'd rather be right than President!" his law partner Basil O'Connor protested. "Well," FDR good-naturedly responded, "there may be something in what you say."

The pendulum-like quality of Roosevelt's thought affords Davis a ready foil. At times, he acidly notes, FDR's speechwriters were not only unsure of where he stood, they wondered "what his real convictions were or, indeed, if he had any." The problem, suggests Davis, was that Roosevelt's capacious mind collected facts and other people's ideas like stamps but could not transform them into an organized body of knowledge "informed by carefully considered principles of [its] . . . own." It took him several years, for example, to comprehend that what he scorned as the "dangerous tendency" of Washington "to encroach" upon states' rights was a logical response to the centralization of business, a development he *did* understand. Over and against this, his speechwriter Samuel Rosenman professed never to have known anyone who could grasp the essentials of a complicated matter as "quickly and thoroughly" as FDR. Davis himself saw still another dimension. Roosevelt's essentially factual vision, he writes in an oblique criticism of Herbert Hoover, was seldom dimmed "by rigid ideological preconceptions or by egotistical willfulness." On the contrary, his almost childlike openness to new experience prepared him psychologically "to do whatever presented itself to him as necessary or useful for the relief of human distress."

That statement could well serve as the epitaph for Roosevelt's governorship. He came into office committed to parity for farmers, and he left it committed to relief for the urban masses as well. "I want our agricultural population . . . to be put on the same level of earning capacity as their fellow Americans who live in cities," he declared in words that foreshadowed the New Deal's quest for parity. This, he was beginning to believe by the spring of 1931, would require voluntary crop reductions. Meanwhile he moved more "directly and forcefully" into relief than any other governor. He endorsed

EMILY DICKINSON'S ROOM MAIN STREET, AMHERST

Down through the cross of her windows
facing the West she saw
her father interpose
his hat, shoulders, shoes,
as he came or went or strolled
under the high-limbed trees;
and later her brother Austin
dally with Mabel Todd
under the same tall trees—
her shutters were always open—
their silent legible gestures
of intimate conversation,
one face obtruding, pressing
one listening looking down;
and the children crouch on the lawn
to watch as the puppy squats;
and the cat brace its legs
into a panting scaffold
to hoist a stubborn mole.
To the South she saw the street
through two uncurtained windows:
the long-legged fellow in black
ministering to the dead
reel the thread of his rounds;
the fire volunteers
in ceremonious panic
clamor out to the farms;
the farmers ride their wagons
that screech under flax and corn
and roped by the neck behind
the doomed steer low
his way to the abattoir;
but mostly the garden change
from crocus to tulip to rose,
their cohorts dying in ranks
yet coming and coming again
till driven to sleep by snow
and locked into place by ice.

BARRY GOLDENSOHN

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the concepts of unemployment and old-age insurance. He created an emergency relief agency headed by Harry Hopkins. He suspended his standing commitment to "pay as you go." And he announced his support, though rather belatedly, of Senator Robert F. Wagner's bill for a massive federal relief program. Patently, as Bernard Bellush concluded 30 years ago in *Franklin D. Roosevelt as Governor of New York*, FDR's gubernatorial policies were an earnest of his presidential policies.

Roosevelt's prenomination speeches in the spring of 1932 further adumbrated the New Deal. On April 7, in a "forgotten man" radio talk that Al Smith denounced as "demagogic," FDR called for federal action to stop mortgage foreclosures and restore purchasing power to farmers. Later that month he came out for partial planning in a speech at St. Paul. Then, at Oglethorpe University, he emphasized the need for "bold, persistent experimentation." All these themes resurfaced during the campaign proper. FDR declared that water power "should belong to all the people." He called for public development of Muscle Shoals and other power sites. He affirmed his commitment to old-age insurance, "immediate relief" for the unemployed, and long-range planning. Also, to his later regret, he blasted Hoover for "unprecedented deficits" and pledged himself to reduce expenditures. (Hedging, even then, he added that he would not hesitate to unbalance the budget in the event of "starvation or dire need.") Meanwhile, in San Francisco, he set forth Berle's "mature economy" thesis, but not before divorcing himself from its autumnal mood. America, he said in an interlineation of his own, "has the great potentialities of youth."

This eminently readable book should go far to dispel the notion that Roosevelt failed to present an alternative in 1932. The lineaments of the New Deal may not have been as sharply limned as intellectuals would have had them, but they were nonetheless visible. Certainly Herbert Hoover, who had broken sharply with tradition himself, perceived that FDR planned a much more radical break. "The fundamental issue," declared Hoover during the campaign, ". . . is whether we shall . . . turn to innovations, the spirit of which is disclosed to us by many sinister revelations and veiled promises." Or, as he phrased it in a confidential memorandum on his effort to bind Roosevelt's hands after the election, "I realize that if these declarations be made by the President-elect, . . . it means the abandonment of 90% of the so-called new deal."

WILLIAM H. HARBAUGH

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ALL BOOKED UP

Gentlemen in England: A Vision
by A. N. Wilson

(Viking, 311 pp., $17.95)

In the final scene of A. N. Wilson's eighth novel, set in the late Victorian era, Maudie Nettleship and her brother Lionel stand on Dover Beach discussing whether the tide is coming in or going out. It is, they conclude complacently, coming in, and greet it "hand in hand," "squeal[ing] with childish merriment." Such thinly veiled literary allusions (that's Matthew Arnold) abound in this complex satire, contributing to the effectiveness of a humor at once well mannered and far-flung. Caught in the nettles of an established literary tradition, neither Wilson nor his characters seem able to get Arnold and Milton (not to mention Dickens and Darwin) off their backs. But while his characters suffocate under their accumulated history, Wilson—the author of three literary biographies (of Scott, Milton, and Belloc) and former literary editor of the *Spectator*—knows how to turn history to his advantage.

The central issue of *Gentlemen in England*, as the playful romp on Dover Beach attests, is faith—not only religious faith (explored in so many of Wilson's previous novels and his recent book-length essay on Christianity, *How Can We Know?*), but faith in old ideas, faith in the status quo. And the only world the Nettleships know is a fallen one. Emblematic of their age, which saw the erosion of religion by the new science, they are flagrantly conspicuous in their consumption of both knowledge (here more often gossip than Truth) and food. While evasively slurping turtle soup, dabbing "mustard sauce (a little lumpy but irresistibly piquant) with a piece of bread," or "sawing . . . through cold duck," they speak their most significant words.

WHEN they speak at all. Horace and Charlotte Nettleship haven't exchanged a word (except at social events) in 15 years. So the elaborate ritual of dining, an alternative form of worship during which they both speak to their daughter Maudie but never to each other, serves as a veneer for the harsh reality of their circumstances. Unable to express their feelings or confess their transgressions, their hearts, Wilson suggests, are in their mouths.

In fact, we first glimpse geologist Horace Nettleship and family, who form the "upright and stony" core of Wilson's novel, at their dining table, "so highly polished that the Gothic silver toast-racks in front of each placing gleamed like little silver galleons on still brown water." Constrained by a self-imposed code of manners, theirs is a world of dormant surfaces, of closed minds hemmed round by high hedges. Horace Nettleship, an avowed but unhappy atheist, studies "spent fires and empty craters" while lamenting "the great crisis of his life"—"chipping away at a piece of volcanic lava, he had finally shed the last vestiges of credence in Archbishop Ussher's theory that the world had been fashioned at a precise date in 4004 BC followed about a fortnight later by the Fall of Man." Charlotte's life is equally hollow, her "dream of Women's Suffrage" inseparable from squelched desires to "leave footsteps on the sands of time by embroidering cream-jug covers or writing letters, or managing the servants."

This silent, static world is punctuated by Maudie's reception at breakfast of two letters (the contents of which she dares not disclose to her father): one from her brother Lionel, announcing his intention to become a priest, and one from her "godfather," Waldo Chatterway, the insufferably affable Satan in this Miltonic farce, announcing his impending return from exile abroad to "settle" once again

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in England. Chatterway (or Marvo, short for "the marvelous bore"), purveyor of rumor and false truths, is the catalyst for change in this best of all possible worlds—and in an odd, backhanded sort of way, the hero as well. Into the insulated Nettleship bower he brings two things: the covertly obtained knowledge that Lionel has decided to become a priest (which he drops casually in conversation before anyone has informed Horace), and Timothy Lupton, an artist who falls in love with Maudie but whose attention Charlotte mistakes for interest in her. As a result of these intrusions, the Nettleships' gentlemanly world is shaken by its first volcanic eruption, sparking a comedy of errors whose consequences are far from comic.

FOR Maudie and Lionel, these events mean the loss of innocence—a realization of their parents' ruptured marriage and a new self-consciousness about their childish affection for one another. They depart the "happy garden" and encounter not "some angel with a flaming sword" but Mr. Chatterway, and the newly evolving fiction that is life. In response to this rude awakening, Maudie develops a "dreadful sea-lion bark" for which Charlotte decides to take her abroad, and Lionel leaps from one world of silence to another: to test his spiritual convictions, he enters a monastery.

Horace, to whom the universe now seems "an infinitely empty, infinitely extensible accident," accepts all of this, and having bargained his way into accompanying Charlotte and Maudie abroad, has an accident that prevents them from going anywhere. With Adamic flair, he falls down a flight of stairs after getting tangled up in a butterfly net and breaks his ankle—just the excuse the family needs to sink back into isolationism, to stay in their sleeping wasteland: in ordered, incestuous, chauvinistic England. "We must make our pleasures at home," reasons Charlotte, having forgotten previous thoughts of divorce. "There is plenty to *see*, heaven knows, in England."

Lionel informs the family that he's decided not to become a monk—but spares them the shocking news that he plans instead to become a slum priest (an even less gentlemanly occupation). For now, Lionel's life crisis is "subsumed in the farce of a broken ankle"—his father's embarrassingly awkward Fall from Grace—and he joins Maudie on Dover Beach, where they greet the "inflowing" ocean and regain their childhood paradise. The novel ends with everyone blissfully happy and once more blissfully unable to communicate.

With such vapid optimism, Wilson skillfully deflates the romantic "vision" of "gentlemen in England," of a society so self-consumed it is unable to perceive its own inertia. He accomplishes this feat by adopting the voice of a chummy apologist who tries repeatedly to "enlist the reader's sympathy" for characters who cannot help behaving like asses. This is a narrator perfectly suited to his task: he's as stuffy as the characters whose lives he chronicles. But Wilson lets just enough fresh air into this cautionary tale to reward anyone who listens to its silences and reads between the lines of its polite chatter.

JENNIFER KRAUSS

A scene from literary life.

MR. MARGIN IN LOVE

BY FRANK PAGE

I WAS having lunch with Jonathan Margin, the editor of *Belles Lettres*. When the drinks came he said, "Frank, have you ever been in love?"

"Sure," I said.

"It's an awesome experience."

"It sure is."

"*Awesome*," he said, and I realized I was to understand that my being in love was not to be compared with his being in love.

So I said, "Sort of awesome."

"It has happened to me four times," he said.

"*Four!*"

"The first and third time I married the woman."

"And the second?"

"The second, I often think I should have."

"Why didn't you?"

"It has occurred to me, strange as this may sound, that she was too nice."

"Too *nice!*" I said, feigning surprise. Or let me put it this way, I was surprised that he had that much insight into himself. A friend and contemporary of his had told me that his first wife had been very rough on him, also that she was a little cracked. She put dead birds under his pillow. "I asked him," the friend said, "what he did when that happened, and he said that he'd say to her, 'Louise, what is this?' and she would say, 'Don't you know what that is, Jonathan?' and he would say, 'It's a dead bird,' and she'd say, 'If you know it's a dead bird why do you ask?' and he'd say, 'What I mean is why did you put it under my pillow?' and she'd say, 'If you don't know that, I can't help you.' " The second wife was a radical feminist, and once when he was drunk Mr. Margin told me that she held her legs together when they made love. I asked him how that was possible, and he said, "Just."

"But you mentioned four times," I said.

"I'm in love again, now," he said with what seemed like a combination of pride and uncertainty.

"That's terrific," I said.

"I'm in love with," and he paused in an uncharacteristically stagy way, "Claire."

Claire Tippin, Mr. Margin's secretary, was a perfectly good secretary, cheerful, efficient, proper as a butler, with, as one of our editors, Barry Vellum, put it, Mt. Rushmore tits.

"I suppose you're wondering how it all happened."

"Indeed I am," I said.

"It's quite a story," he said, smiling into his drink and swirling its contents around until some spilled. "It began right there in the office one Monday evening. Everyone had gone home but Claire and me. . . ."

Actually it was a commonplace story. It seems that after the first fateful Monday they stayed in the office every evening for the rest of the week. They

Frank Page is an imaginary editor of *Belles Lettres*, an imaginary magazine. He has reported on the literary weekly since 1982.

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couldn't go to her place because a friend was visiting, and they couldn't go to his because the radical feminist former wife kept a key and had a way of showing up. So they did whatever they did in the office. Needless to say, Mr. Margin did not go into details, but I had heard the details from members of the staff in talking about their own experiences. "You know the old Morris chair in the storeroom. . . ."

On Monday morning two weeks later Mr. Margin sat me down in his office and said, "You know my policy, that anyone on the staff is welcome to write for the magazine so long as the assignment is appropriate."

I nodded. Something was up.

"We definitely want everyone to feel that he or she is part of the team."

I nodded again.

"And if, now and then, by writing an article, reviewing a book, assuming that the individual is capable of doing a creditable job, there is no reason why he or she should not, so to speak, 'get into the act.' Oh, I understand that there are editors who say, 'We are the editors, they are the writers.' But I don't agree with that. I feel that when an editor writes he or she learns about writing and therefore learns about editing. . . ."

FOR MYSELF, I had learned about speeding Mr. Margin up. A little bum-shifting or ankle-scratching was usually enough. This time something turned up in my eye. I pulled my eyelid out and rolled my eyeballs.

"Are you all right?" Mr. Margin said, leaning forward. "Would you like a handkerchief?" He took one from his breast pocket by two fingers and held it out.

"It's fine," I said, accepting it and continuing to roll my eyeballs. "It's out," I said and swabbed the corner of my eye. "Wow!" I added.

Mr. Margin gave me time to reassemble my attention and then said, "To get to the point, Claire has asked me for the new Graham Greene."

I nodded.

"Not for a copy of the *book*" he said, "she wants to *review* it."

"*Review* it!" I said.

"*Review* it," he said.

"Is Claire really up to that?" I said.

"Why don't you see for yourself." He took from his desk a typescript of five or so pages.

"You mean, she's *done* it?"

"Yes," he said, "after a fashion."

Claire was an impeccable typist, but these pages were full of handwritten insertions, deletions, and substitutions, with many crossing lines of redirection. The pages looked like sections of a road map. The emendations, of course, were Mr. Margin's attempt to bring the piece around.

"Would you look it over?" he said, as casually as he could.

"Of course."

"And would you," he added, "peer through my scribblings to the . . ."

". . . heart of the matter?" I offered.

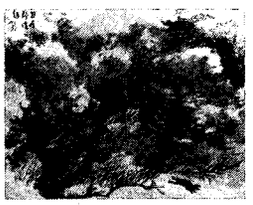
"*Le cliché juste*," he said with the saddest smile.

Claire's review was worse than I expected. I hadn't read the new Graham Greene. Apparently she had snatched the galleys as soon as they arrived in the office, taken them home, and written her review over the weekend. Nor had I read anything substantive about the book. So I was as ignorant as any subscriber to *Belles Lettres* would be, and after going over Claire's piece I didn't have a clue to the book's content.

You see many kinds of bad writing in this business. There is the kind with plain mistakes: infer for imply, fulsome for abundant, disinterested for uninterested, aggravate for irritate. An editor is

"A clearer lens for viewing China."*

SIMON LEYS
The Burning Forest
Essays on Chinese Culture and Politics



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used to it, and although he wonders why the writers of this writing persist, he understands how they prevail—the editor infers that the abundant errors are the result of uninterested teachers, isn't too irritated, and corrects them.

Then there are the rush-on writers, who sweep away distinctions of usage. They are difficult bad writers because after the tautologies have been excised, the Rube Goldberg sentences dismantled, the non sequiturs reasoned with, there isn't much left, and the editor who first read the piece, probably in the spirit of its composition, is left wondering at his former enthusiasm. Had it been the martini at lunch, the lateness of the day, the forgiveness that comes with lengthy service?

Then there is ambitious bad writing, which prefers empathy to sympathy, myself to me; takes a chance with religiose for religious, elemental for elementary, nubile for zaftig (Barry Vellum defended this last as meaning a woman with big nubes); avoids the ultimate preposition at all costs; connects separate sentences with a colon (as if to celebrate the logical connection of the second to the first); and finds a place for indeed in every paragraph. Most of these inelegancies result, strangely, from a striving for elegance and, when corrected, help satisfy, more than almost any other activity, the editor's need for self-esteem. One such striving brought forth the word "impedimentae," for which the staff invented the rhetorical term "the double plural," and which Mr. Margin was persuaded to leave in the review as a curiosity.

BUT to correct errors the editor must know what the writer had in mind. Usually this is easy because most bad writing tends toward talk of one kind or another, and the intention of talk is clearer than any prose but the best writing. With Claire's review, however, you didn't know what she meant. Things would go along for two or three sentences, then she would say, "The characters in this book exist for the sake of their prejudicial influence on reality"; or "Good and evil function here to the detriment of most, if not all, subjective implications"; or "In Mr. Greene's world we must think of salvation as subsumed damnation."

I started by retyping a clean (if I can put it that way) copy of Claire's review so that I could look at it without the presence of Mr. Margin's panicky editing. I went at it three evenings in a row, Tuesday sober, Wednesday tipsy, Thursday drunk, but couldn't get a purchase on it. Wednesday Mr. Margin greeted me with hopeful urgency. Thursday he obviously had passed a sleepless night. Friday I allowed him to invite me into his office.

Claire's desk was just outside, so he closed the door. "Is it as bad as I thought?" he said.

I nodded.

"Worse?"

"It's nonsense," I said.

"Is there anything we can do?"

"Can't we simply tell her it's unpublishable?"

Mr. Margin's silence was painful, so I said, "O.K., I'll take care of it."

"You can?"

"I can."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

"I won't ask you how."

"It's part of my job, Mr. Margin."

"We know better than that," he said.

I GOT a copy of the Greene novel. It was called *The Pathetic Fallacy* and concerned a liberal Israeli newspaperman who takes up the cause of the Palestinians by reporting on the wretched quality of their lives on the West Bank. The stories are published in an extreme leftist Israeli paper and are picked up and printed throughout the Arab world. The new Labor Party prime minister was a boyhood friend of the journalist, who is being mentioned for the Nobel Peace Prize, and must decide whether to follow the advice of certain Cabinet members and have the journalist dispatched or chance a split in his party. The problem is solved when the CIA agrees to do the job because the journalist's influence is stirring up the moderate Arabs against Israel.

I wrote a review on Saturday, rewrote it on Sunday, and handed it, under Claire's byline, to Mr. Margin first thing Monday morning.

"This is excellent," Mr. Margin said, "but it bears no resemblance to what Claire wrote."

"Just say you touched it up," I said.

"Claire is no fool."

"Trust me, Mr. Margin. Actually this is what she wanted to say."

"But it's so clearly in your words and manner."

"That's just it. I'm sure she wanted to write in my style."

"You're outrageous."

"Necessity is the mother of outrage."

Mr. Margin paused, thinking, but he was sitting up straight for the first time since the problem began.

"I'll do it," he said.

"It'll work," I said.

"Of course, it will," he said and sighed the sigh of the saved.

I saw Claire reading the review as I went off to lunch at midday, and from the rhythm of her typing when I returned I knew she was pleased. That evening I caught sight of them outside the building meeting for what I assumed would be a relaxed supper.

When the review ran, Greene's American editor called to ask who Claire Tippin was and then invited her to lunch, where he showed her a letter from Greene saying that the *Belles Lettres* review was the only intelligent one the book had had, but pointing out that the novel was not a retelling of the Christ story since the Christ story is a positive or negative metaphor for the life of everyman. "Avoid the obvious if you wish to be saved," he ended. Claire borrowed the letter and showed it around the office. Greene's publisher reprinted the entire review in the *New York Times* "as a public service," and Claire was suddenly a minor New York figure.

Nothing I had written had ever received so much attention, and Mr. Margin was embarrassed that I was not getting the credit. "I can't even give you a raise," he said. "Your last one put you well ahead of everyone else in the office. But tell me what I can do."

"Let me take you to lunch," I said.

"I had hoped we could simply eat and chat," Mr. Margin said, "but I'm afraid this thing with Claire isn't over." He handed me a memo from Mrs. Tooling, the publisher's wife, who had a special interest in cultural matters:

"Two questions: Since when do we commission secretaries to write book reviews? And since when do we keep people capable of writing such reviews secretaries for five years?"

I wrote on the bottom of the memo: "I am frankly surprised that I must remind you, of all people, of *Belles Lettres*' long tradition of hiring talented people for clerical jobs so that they can learn about us and we can learn about them. Claire Tippin has been on the staff for five years, not as a secretary only but as secretary to the editor, thus in a unique position to observe the workings of the

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magazine. When we hired her she was (age), practically a girl. Now she is (age), a young woman mature and experienced enough to take on fuller responsibilities. I have had my eye on Claire for a long time. When the chance arose I urged her to grasp it. She has vindicated not only my faith in her but her faith in herself. She has also vindicated *Belles Lettres*' tradition referred to above."

Mr. Margin read what I had written and said, "I could sign this without changing a word. But there is another complication. Claire automatically opens my interoffice correspondence and has read this. Suppose you were Claire and had read this, what would you do?"

"If I were Claire and had read that, if I were Claire and had read that . . . I'd ask for the next Updike."

Mr. Margin was astounded. "This *morning* she wanted to know when the new Updike was coming."

"We could help her again," I said.

"No, this charade must stop."

"What's the answer then?"

"For the moment, another bottle of wine."

The answer came from *Time* magazine in the form of an offer to Claire to be a staff writer. Mr. Margin advised her to accept, explaining that the taint of the secretary would always attach to her at *Belles Lettres*, and she did.

"But how will she handle it?" I said to Mr. Margin.

"They'll find out she can't write and make her an editor. Actually that's how I became an editor."

"And, if I may ask, how do you feel about all this?"

"About her leaving? The French call making love the little death. A Frenchman well into middle age, I'd say, invented the phrase, which alludes not to the swooning effect of the experience but to the realization that it will not go on forever."

It was an answer of sorts.

ON HER last day we threw an office party for Claire. It was almost totally an affair of goodwill. *Belles Lettres* had not sent anyone off to glory in some time. There were only two sour notes. Lou Bodoni, the butch office manager, had composed a fable called "A Sale of Two Titties," which she read aloud. And another memo came from Mrs. Tooling, which Mr. Margin took me aside to show to me. It asked why Mr. Margin, after "discovering" Claire Tippin, was letting her go to a competitor, especially in light of the fact that we are currently defending a class-action suit brought by some of our women employees for discriminatory hiring and pay practices.

"Tell her you felt she wouldn't want to meet *Time*'s $63,000."

"Is that what Claire's getting?" he said.

"Who knows? But it will quiet Mrs. Tooling."

A month or so later I asked Mr. Margin if he was keeping in touch with Claire.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "The choice was not entirely mine."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Yes," he said, "and I seem to be suffering a strange mixture of . . ."

". . . memory and desire?"

"*Le cliché juste*," he said.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

were among the worst mistakes in the history of American capitalism. The companies have made significant strides in redeploying their still vast financial resources. Through mergers and acquisitions, streamlining operations, and spin-off and divestiture of unproductive assets, the major oil companies will emerge much stronger from the current market readjustment.

Because the cost of finding oil has dropped faster than the price of oil, many large companies have expanded investment in new production both in the U.S. and abroad. While Saudi Arabia's determination to bring oil prices down to $15 a barrel may diminish additional investment in oil production, the major companies are prepared to live with this price. Almost all of the major oil companies' production in the United States, Canada, and the North Sea will still be very profitable at $15 a barrel.

EDWIN ROTHSCHILD
Assistant Director
Citizen / Labor Energy Coalition
Chicago, Illinois

BUCKLEY ENVY

To the editors:

Regarding Henry Fairlie's review of William F. Buckley Jr.'s *Right Reason*: I'm surprised that Mr. Fairlie has allowed his envy of Mr. Buckley to grow for so long a time ("The Screwtape Columns," February 10). How has he managed to get about in a world that syndicates that man's columns and floods the sacrosanct PBS airways with his "Firing Line"? I hope the incautelous Mr. (un)Fairlie's venting of spleen has relaxed that envy which, by now, must have become an incommodious and annoying excrescence to everyone who knows him.

MARK Y. HERRING
Bristol, Tennessee

To the editors:

Mr. Fairlie may be a bit unfair. The rich require a spokesman, and who can better

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"SHCHARANSKY'S specific offense against Soviet legality was to work for Soviet compliance with the 1975 Helsinki Accords, one of those parchment triumphs that won Henry Kissinger his reputation as a master diplomat. We submit that the diplomatic honors should be reserved in the future not for those who induce the Soviets to *make* promises, but for those who can get them to *keep* them."
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fill that role than William F. Buckley Jr.? The vocabulary for the rich will of course be different from that of the rest of us; being unintelligible to us, we can rest assured it was not written for us. Those who inherit a fortune from Dad can best start magazines in their spare time and enjoy a lifetime of dilettantism.

ALLEN RAMSEY
Warrensburg, Missouri

NOVAK STEPPING OUT

To the editors:

One thing Michael Massing left out of his excellent article ("The Press: The Prince and the Preppy," January 20) was Robert Novak's peculiar opinions about our Israeli allies. Novak finds a way to defend and support every anticommunist dictator in the world, from Chile to South Africa to the Philippines. But Novak is consistently hostile to the only democracy in the Middle East, the Jewish state. Similarly, Novak rails against Soviet clients in every regional dispute except in the Middle East, where he advocates strengthening American ties with Assad and Arafat.

I think Novak is out of step with the mainstream on many things. What is noteworthy about Novak's Middle East views is the departure from his anticommunist crusade. He is out of step with himself.

LARRY S. POLLAK
Canton, Ohio

POSTPONING IRELAND'S PEACE

To the editors:

The people of Northern Ireland really don't want peace, Simon Hoggart says, but victory ("Postcard Dungannon: The Pleasures of Hate," January 6&13). Well, it is true, as he knows, that the loyalists want to maintain their privileged position and that the British want to hang on to their first and last colony. The Irish nationalists, however, do "hunger for peace," but not "peace in our time." They learned long ago that as long as Britain maintains its military occupation there will be no peace with justice—and, Lord knows, they tried to reform the statelet many times. One presumes that Mr. Hoggart would have counseled "moderation" to George Washington and Vichy France and would propose an intergovernmental conference to the Afghans.

SCOTT S. SMITH
Thousand Oaks, California

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Her Majesty's Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community by Christopher Andrew (Viking/Elisabeth Sifton Books). An enterprising, and amusing, history of British intelligence in the 20th century. (Reviewed 3/10/86)

The Siege: The Saga of Israel and Zionism by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Simon and Schuster). A very readable and reliable history of Zionism and the state of Israel. (3/3/86)

Alexander Pope: A Life by Maynard Mack (W. W. Norton). After 240 years, the first full biography of the imponderable Pope, his life and works. (3/3/86)

Toward a Safe and Sane Halloween and Other Tales of Suburbia by William Geist (Times Books). A lively anthology of surburban anthropology. (3/10/86)

Playing God in the Nursery by Jeff Lyon (W. W. Norton). A thoughtful journalist's account of the Baby Doe dilemma. (2/17/86)

Should the Baby Live? by Helga Kuhse and Peter Singer (Oxford). A philosophic analysis of the same dilemma, along with some solutions. (2/17/86)

Flaubert and Turgenev: A Friendship in Letters edited by Barbara Beaumont (W. W. Norton). Two giants out of joint with their times. (2/17/86)

The Mind's New Science: A History of the Cognitive Revolution by Howard Gardner (Basic Books). A thorough survey of four decades in a new field. (2/24/86)

The Diaries of Sophia Tolstoy translated by Cathy Porter (Random House). A monumental, and sometimes monotonous, assemblage of notes on the trials of life with a genius. (2/24/86)

The Americans by Robert Frank (Pantheon). A reissue of the classic photographic documentary of American life in the fifties. (2/17/86)

TRB, *from page 4*

Markets also can't protect people who aren't in them. The polluter doesn't have to pay anyone for dirtying the water or air. That's the traditional, and compelling, reason for environmental regulation.

Where health, safety, and environmental regulations sometimes err is in failing to recognize that life is inherently risky. Pursuing one risk too far creates others. People who can't get saccharin may get fat, which isn't healthy either. Every year it takes for a drug to be approved as safe and effective, people die of the disease it might cure. Regulators, with their narrow focus, are sometimes hard put to make these trade-offs sensibly.

Two other kinds of regulation, both of which have come under attack by the Reagan administration, actually help free enterprise, rather than hinder it. One is regulation of advertising and product labeling. Yes, I wonder too whether it's necessary to tell you that the picture of a steak dinner with peas on the outside of a box of peas is just a "serving suggestion." But the better informed consumers are, the healthier the competition for their business.

The other pro-capitalist type of regulation is antitrust. There's no question some antitrust reform is needed. A few vague phrases in the Sherman and Clayton acts have been extruded into a dense web of rules, mostly by judges who don't know any economics. The result is a system that often protects competitors instead of protecting competition. Present law also ignores the reality that America now competes in a world market, making some traditional concerns about size and market share obsolete. On the other hand, when mergers give the two largest soft drink manufacturers over 80 percent of the market, as happened last month when Coke bought Dr. Pepper and Pepsi bought Seven-Up, that deserves more than a yawn from the Justice Department.

Old-fashioned regulation may start looking better and better as we look for ways to deal with the litigation crisis. As a method of controlling the behavior of corporations and professionals, it makes far more sense for a central body, democratically accountable, to define the norms and set punishments for breaking them than to have ill-informed judges and juries deciding the same questions of social policy again and again around the country in private lawsuits. Only a blind zealot would suppose this is a case where private enterprise can do it better than the government.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Faith Healers

MAYBE IT'S the particular people I've been talking to recently, but I've encountered a surprising reaction to the question of whether TV evangelist Pat Robertson ought to run for the Republican presidential nomination in 1988. Most folks in the political community probably assume that evangelical Christians are wildly enthusiastic about the prospect, just as blacks were excited in 1984 over Jesse Jackson's bid for the Democratic nomination. But I keep running into evangelical types who feel quite the opposite. They like Robertson's television ministry, and many of them also agree with his conservative politics. But they don't care for his emergence as the designated Christian candidate for the White House. Let me summarize their feelings. One, they say that Robertson has no idea of the pounding he'll take from the press for his literal interpretation of the Bible, his belief in faith healing, etc. Or the drubbing he'll take from fundamentalists who are sure to bristle at his attempts to appeal to non-Christians. Two, Christianity itself will be put on trial with Robertson in the race. Who needs that? Three, the Elmer Gantry syndrome will be ascribed to Robertson and other evangelists who support him. In other words, people will charge that they're more interested in something other than saving souls—political power, in this instance. And four, a Robertson campaign will divide the country along religious lines. At the National Religious Broadcasters convention in Washington in February, "Christians for Robertson" buttons were plentiful. "If the campaign is built around the issue of the godly versus the ungodly in our pluralistic society, it's going to be a disaster," says Michael Cromartie of the Ethics and Public Policy Center. Thanks to Cromartie, I'm reminded that Martin Luther said he'd rather be ruled by a wise Turk than a stupid Christian, and that John Wesley declared that if he were drowning, he'd prefer a rescue attempt by an unbeliever who could swim him than by a bishop who couldn't. I agree. The point is not that a Christian minister of Robertson's stripe shouldn't run. It is that he should pitch his campaign around his own leadership qualities and political and social values, not the fact that he's a pious Christian. A presidential campaign should not be a religious crusade. If Robertson wants to run a campaign that isn't divisive, his buttons should say "Americans for Robertson."

GREG SCHNEIDERS, a political consultant friend of mine, argues that the trouble with Washington reporters is that they can keep only one idea in their minds at a time. The one idea that's had reporters' attention for the last four or five years is the budget deficit. For most of them, big deficits explain everything about the economy—growth, inflation, interest rates, unemployment. Well, something quite dramatic has happened to the deficit, and reporters have had a hard time adjusting. Rather than deficits of $200 billion or $300 billion "as far as the eye can see," the deficit trajectory is now downward. And not just in the projections of the Reagan administration. The bipartisan Congressional Budget Office, whose forecasts have more credibility, says the same thing. The CBO predicts that with zero real growth in defense spending, a reasonable rate of economic growth, and no domestic spending cuts at all, the deficit will be down to $100 billion in 1991. Reagan's budget director, James Miller, says that if the administration's budget cuts were accepted by Congress this year, no more spending cuts would be needed to achieve a balanced budget in 1991. What's this got to do with reporters? Well, they couldn't bring themselves to write about this startling development. For weeks only the *Washington Times* was willing to take front-page notice of the sea change in the deficit picture. Then supply-side economist Paul Craig Roberts, in an Op-Ed piece in the *Wall Street Journal*, zinged the press for this oversight. And finally the news of shrinking deficits was released. But watch out. The Washington press corps may be transfixed by a new idea, namely that deficits are a thing of the past.

AFTER MORE THAN five years of the Reagan presidency, an awful lot of Democrats, liberals, and other Reagan detractors are still looking for a facile, nonthreatening explanation for the president's extraordinary popularity. The latest entry is that Reagan is especially gifted in being a "ceremonial president." This was prompted by his two admirable speeches after the Challenger space shuttle disaster. But Reagan's magnificent performance on ceremonial occasions is no more convincing an explanation of his popularity than were the earlier entries—his nice-guy personality and his skill as the Great Communicator. I like the distinction made by Paul Tully, a Democratic campaign expert who now works for Senator Ted Kennedy. It's not Reagan's personal characteristics, impressive as they are, that exert the great appeal, says Tully. It's his professional characteristics: a decisive leader with strong convictions who represents the people and stands up for America. You can argue that's only an image created by Reagan's real professional traits as an actor, but it does explain his popularity.

REAGAN'S POPULARITY seems to have made everyone overlook another of his professional trademarks: remoteness from the day-to-day decision-making. *Newsweek* once referred to Reagan's "disengaged presidency." You don't hear as much about that anymore, though I'll wager that the president continues to put in a lot of four-hour days. My concern is that if the nation becomes overly sanguine about the president's relaxed work habits, we stand to lose a genre of Reagan jokes: the lazybones president. A few years ago, Johnny Carson said that Reagan liked to take a working nap at the White House. That's a funny line; soon nobody may get it. Or take the one coined by Tom DeFrank, *Newsweek*'s White House correspondent, that at times of crisis the president might have to suffer a few sleepless afternoons. I'd hate to see that become passé. Or the one about Reagan putting off a decision by telling an aide, "Let me sleep on it"—and immediately throwing himself into the task.

F.B.

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